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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the Years 1820, 21, & 22. By Capt. Basil Hall, R.N. Author of A Voyage to Loo Choo. 12mo. 2 vols. Edinburgh, Constable & Co.*

THE rapidly growing importance of South America readily accounts for the number of publications relating to that country which now almost weekly claim and obtain our attention. We feel pretty confident that we could not devote a fair proportion of our pages to any subject more generally interesting; but it is a great addition to our comfort when the character of the work noticed is such as to confirm us in the assurance that our review of it must extract matter agreeable to every class of readers. Such is the task we have now before us. Captain Hall's delightful *Voyage to Loo Choo* taught us to expect nothing but gratification from his pen; and these volumes have no disappointment in their whole contents. To the access which his station gave him to society and to political proceedings, Captain Hall has brought the intelligence of a well cultivated understanding and observant mind; and he has detailed what he observed in the spirit of a gentleman and style of a pleasant writer. Learning, as every Briton must do, to the side of freedom, and wishing well to its efforts, he is nevertheless an impartial historian; and we find no individual nor party exalted or debased at the expense of truth. Justice is done to the gallant exploits of Lord Cochrane, which have had an immense influence on the liberation of South America, and the character of San Martin is ably delineated; but, the extreme is not taken, and we are not told, on the other hand, that all those who adhered to old interests and old prejudices were corrupt knaves, fanatics, and bigots. It is this sort of overcharging which destroys its own purpose. Too much of eulogy on one part, and of obloquy on the other, always begets suspicion, and almost always opposition. No portion of human life is divided into Gods and Devils. It appears from our author, that even an ex-inquisitor possessed some good qualities, while a patriotic leader happened to be a robber and a butcher.

But though the means employed were too frequently unworthy, we must not look at the benefit done with an unfavourable eye. It is impossible to contemplate a people rescued from darkness and thralldom, and raised to the rank of men enjoying the blessing of liberty with its natural concomitants extended commerce, wealth, social happiness, knowledge, virtue—it is impossible, we repeat, to contemplate such a change without exultation, and such a change is fairly represented in Captain Hall's work, if not completed, at least beyond the power of mortals to prevent. It is honestly and candidly said, (speaking of Chili)—

“They begin to be fully sensible of their own importance in the world, and to

see the necessity of being acquainted with the proceedings of other states. To this incipient feeling of national dignity, they add a deep-seated and resolute enthusiasm in favour of independence.

“Of civil liberty, I am not sure that the Chilians have, as yet, equally clear and correct notions; but nothing is more decided than their determination not to submit again to any foreign yoke; and I should conceive, from all I have been able to learn, that, under any circumstances, the Spanish party in Chili would be found small and contemptible. Every day deepens these valuable sentiments, and will render the re-conquest of the country more and more remote from possibility. The present free trade, above all, maintains and augments these feelings; for there is not a single arrival at the port which fails to bring some new article of use, or of luxury, or which does not serve, by lowering the former prices, to place within reach of the lower orders many things known before only to the wealthy; to extend the range of comforts and enjoyments; and to open new sources of industry.

“Amongst a people circumstanced as the South Americans have been, debarred for ages from the advantages of commerce, this change is of the last importance; and it is pleasing to reflect, that, while our merchants are consulting their own interests, and advancing the prosperity of their country, they are, at the same time, by stimulating at once and gratifying the wants of a great people, adding incalculably to the amount of human happiness. By thus creating higher tastes, and new wants, they produce fresh motives to exertion, and give more animating hopes to whole nations, which, without such powerful and immediate excitements, might, for aught we know, have long remained in their ancient state of listlessness and ignorance. Every man in the country, rich or poor, not only practically feels the truth of this, but knows distinctly whence the advantage is derived; and it is idle, therefore, to suppose that blessings which come home so directly to all men's feelings, and which so manifestly influence their fortunes and happiness, can be easily taken from them.

“There are, no doubt, many defects in the administration of affairs in Chili, occasional bad faith, and occasional oppression, and sometimes very inconvenient disturbances, and partial political changes; but these are of no moment in so vast a question. The barrier which has so long dammed up the tide of human rights, and free action, has been at length removed, and the stream is assuredly not to be stopped by any thing from without; and what is internal, that might produce mischief, is rapidly improving as men advance in intelligence, and acquire a deeper interest in good order. An invasion, indeed, might cause much misery and disorder, and tend, for a time, to keep back the moral and political improvement of the country; but the reaction would be inevitable, and, ere long,

the outraged country would spring forwards to life and liberty, with tenfold vigour.

“By means of foreign intercourse, and by the experience and knowledge of themselves, acquired by acting, for the first time, as freemen, they will come to know their own strength; by learning also to respect themselves, which they could hardly have done before, they will be ready to respect a government formed of themselves; and, instead of despising and hating their rulers, and seeking to counteract their measures, will join heartily in supporting them when right, or in exerting a salutary influence over them when wrong. At all events, even now, all parties would unite upon the least show of an attack; and so the result will prove, should any thing so wild and unjust be attempted.”

This general view is extremely cheering; but following the author's example, we shall not dilate so much on historical events, as notice what is most striking in the native manners, especially as they were acted upon by the extraordinary occurrences of late years, when our naval force in that quarter had indeed a very difficult game to play,—so difficult, that we are surprised by Capt. Hall's having found opportunity for what he has accomplished in this Journal.

The first volume details his arrival in the Conway frigate at Valparaiso; various excursions in Chili, particularly to Santiago; an account of the revolution, of San Martin, of O'Higgins, and of Lord Cochrane's exploits; of the expedition against Peru; of his own affairs at Callao and Lima; of the south coast of Chili; of the Araucanians and the pirate chief Benavides; and a multitude of other things both of temporary and permanent interest. But our extracts (and various they will be) must speak for us. The customs are excellently illustrated by the following miscellaneous selections:

“As soon as the dispatches were sent off, I paid a visit to a Chilian family of my acquaintance, and immediately on my entering the drawing-room, the lady of the house, and one of her daughters, each presented me with a rose, apologizing, at the same time, for having omitted to do so before. This custom of presenting strangers with a flower prevails in all Spanish countries, and is one of an extensive class of minute attentions, which the Spaniards and their descendants understand better than any other nation. The favour

\* The following passage may form a curious note to this, and show what odd circumstances have already grown out of the Revolution:

“At Huscho, we found the governor at dinner with two or three friends. He was of the aboriginal race of the country, spoke a little Spanish, and was probably a discreet and clever fellow, otherwise he would not have been left in a command by San Martin. The dinner was placed on a low table in the middle of a shop, and the whole party forked their most out of one dish. It was interesting, on looking round the shop, to observe the effect of the recent political changes. A roll of English broad-cloth was resting on a French wine case, marked *Medoc*; on the table stood a bottle of champagne; the knives and forks were marked “*Sheffield*,” and the screen which divided the apartment was made of a piece of Glasgow printed cotton.”

itself is nothing; indeed, it seems essential to the civility that it should be a mere trifle; the merit lies in the unaffected and simple expression of good will and kindness which, while it really obliges, is of a nature to impose no obligation. . . .

"The Chillians are fond of making picnic parties, to dine in the country, at any spot which may suit them during an excursion, and to-day I happened to fall in with some friends bent on such an expedition, all crowded into a *careta* or covered wagon, on its way to the hills; as they wanted one more *cavallero*, I was well pleased to be permitted to join them. We reached the destined spot in safety, though sufficiently jolted, and well nigh deafened by the creaking sound of the wheels, which, like those in Spain, are kept purposely without grease, in order, it is said, by this clumsy device, to prevent smuggling—since no cart or wagon can pass within half a league of a custom-house officer without calling his attention to the spot. . . .

"I went in the evening to visit a family in the *Almendra*, or great suburb of Valparaiso. The ladies were ranged, as usual, along the wall, in a compact line, with their shawls drawn over the head and across the chin, so as nearly to conceal the face. One young lady played the harp, another the guitar, while some occasionally joined with their shrill voices in singing the patriotic songs of the day. Others were chatting, or working, and the evening was passing away pleasantly enough, when, without any apparent cause, the whole party jumped up, cast away their music and work, and flew in the most frantic style out of the house, screaming aloud, *Misericordia! misericordia!* beating their breasts at the same time, and looking terrified beyond description. I was astonished at all this, but followed the company into the street, calling out *Misericordia* as loud as any of them. It was a bright moonlight evening, and the street, from end to end, was filled with people; some, only half dressed, having just leaped from their beds—children, snatched from their sleep, were crying in all directions—many carried lights in their hands—in short, such a scene of wild confusion and alarm was never seen, and all apparently occasioned by a spontaneous movement, without any visible motive. After standing in the street for about a minute, the whole crowd turned round again and ran into their houses, so that, in the course of a few seconds, the hubbub was stilled, and not a mortal was to be seen. I now begged to know the cause of this amazing commotion, having a vague idea of its forming some part of a religious ceremony, when, to my surprise, I learned that it had been produced by an earthquake, so severe, that the people had been afraid of the houses tumbling about their ears, and had run into the open street to avoid the danger; for my part, I was totally unconscious of any motion, nor did I hear the sound, which they described as unusually loud. On mentioning this fact afterwards in company, I was assured, that for a considerable period after the arrival of foreigners, they are in like manner insensible to shocks, which a native cat at once distinguishes. It may be mentioned also, as an unusual effect of experience, that the sensation of alarm, caused by feeling an earthquake, goes on augmenting instead of diminishing, and that one who at first ridicules the terrors of the inhabitants, comes eventually to be even more frightened than they. . . .

"The theatre (of Lima), during the evening

during the festivities upon the accession of the new Viceroy, was of rather a singular form, being a long oval, the stage occupying the greater part of one side, by which means the front boxes were brought close to the actors. The audience in the pit was composed exclusively of men, and that in the galleries of women, a fashion borrowed, I believe, from Madrid, the intermediate space being divided into several rows of private boxes. Between the acts, the Viceroy retired to the back seat of his box, which being taken as a signal that he may be considered as absent, every man in the pit draws forth his steel and flint, lights his *segar*, and puffs away furiously, in order to make the most of his time, for when the curtain rises, and the Viceroy again comes forward, there can no longer be any smoking, consistently with Spanish etiquette. The sparkling of so many flints at once, which makes the pit look as if a thousand fire-flies had been let loose, and the cloud of smoke rising immediately afterwards and filling the house, are little circumstances which strike the eye of a stranger as being more decidedly characteristic than incidents really important. I may add, that the gentlemen in the boxes also smoke on these occasions; and I once fairly detected a lady taking a sly whiff behind her fan. The Viceroy's presence or absence, however, produces no change in the gallery aloft, where the goddesses keep up an unceasing fire during the whole evening. . . .

"We sat down to dinner, a very merry party, the master of the house insisting upon my taking the head of the table; a custom, he said, that could by no means be dispensed with. The first dish which was placed on the table was bread soup, exceedingly good, and cooked either with fish or meat, a distinction so immaterial, we thought, that our surprise was considerable when we observed a gentleman of the party start up, and, with a look as if he had swallowed poison, exclaim, 'O Lord, there is fish in the soup!' and while we were wondering at this exclamation, our friend ran off to the kitchen to interrogate the cook. He returned with a most woe-begone look, and finished his plate of soup as if it had been the last he was ever to taste. A feeling of delicacy prevented our asking questions, although our curiosity was raised to the highest pitch, by observing the gentleman touch nothing else, but literally go without his dinner. It was Friday, and it was in Lent, which might have accounted for his horror at meat; but it was fish which had shocked him; besides, we saw the rest of the company eating both without scruple, which puzzled us exceedingly, and the more so as the self-denying individual was a very sensible man, and showed no other symptoms of eccentricity. We at last discovered that he had, for some reason or other, come under a religious engagement not to eat both fish and flesh, though the South Americans are permitted to do so, by an express bull in their favour, and it so happened, that he had set his fancy this day most particularly on a meat dish close to him, never dreaming of what had been put into the soup; fish once tasted, however, his feast was at an end, and he kept his vow in a manner worthy of an anchorite."

Another instance of this kind occurred at a Ball:

"I was surprised (says Capt. H.,) and somewhat disappointed, to see a young lady, one of the gayest and best dancers in Chili, place herself at the instrument. The gentle-

men loudly appealed against this proceeding; but she maintained her place resolutely, declaring she would not dance a single step. I saw there was some mystery in this, and took an opportunity of begging to know what could have induced a person, of so much good sense and cheerfulness, and so fond of dancing, to make so very preposterous a resolution. She laughed on hearing the subject treated with such earnestness, and confessed that nothing was farther from her own wishes than her present forbearance, but that she was bound by a promise not to dance for a whole year. I begged an explanation of this singular engagement, when she told me, that, during the recent confinement of her sister, our host's wife, at a moment when her life was despaired of, her mother had made a vow, that, if she recovered, not one of the unmarried girls should dance for twelve months. Her younger sister, however, was dancing; and I found she had managed to evade the obligation by an ingenious piece of casuistry, arguing that, as the promise had been made in town, it could never be intended to apply to the country. The good-natured mother, who probably repented of her absurd vow, allowed that a good case of conscience had been made out; and the pretty Rosalita danced away with a spirit which was taken up by the whole room, and a more animated ball was never seen. . . .

"A gentleman had thought fit to commence instructing his daughter in French,—a circumstance which the girl, unconscious of any crime, mentioned in the course of her confession to the priest, who expressed the greatest horror at what he heard, denounced the vengeance of Heaven upon her and her father, refused to give her absolution, and sent the poor creature home in an agony of fear. The father soon discovered the cause, and after some correspondence with the confessor, went to the head of the government, who sent for the priest, questioned him on the subject, and charged him with having directly interfered with the letter and spirit of the constitution, which gave encouragement to every species of learning. The priest affected to carry matters with a high hand, and even ventured to censure the director for meddling with things beyond his authority. This was soon settled: a council was immediately called, and the next day it was known throughout the city that the priest had been seen crossing the frontiers, escorted by a military guard. An account of the whole transaction, with the correspondence between the parent and the confessor, were also published officially in the Gazette, and full authority given, in future, to every person to teach any branch of knowledge not inconsistent with morals and religion. . . .

"The Host is usually carried in procession on foot; but a carriage has been appropriated to this duty in Lima, in consequence of a curious circumstance, the details of which were related to me by a person who delighted in any thing tending to make the past times look ridiculous.

"It seems that a certain Viceroy, some years ago, had become deeply enamoured of a celebrated actress, named La Perichole, and as vice-monarchs, like real monarchs, seldom sigh in vain, La Señora Perichole soon became mistress of the palace, where, besides spending large sums of the public money, she succeeded in making her vice-regal admirer even more contemptible than he had been before. Every request she chose to make was



immediately granted to her, except in one trifling case; and she, therefore, of course, resolutely set her heart upon attaining this object. Her whim was not of any great consequence; it might be thought, since it was merely to be allowed, for once, to drive in a carriage of her own through the streets of Lima. Now this, which to us seems the simplest thing in nature, is looked upon in quite a different light in the capital of Peru, for although any one might ride about as long as he pleased in a gig, or a calesh, or in a balancin, no one ever presumed to dream of entering a coach but a grandee of the highest class. The Viceroy tried every argument to free La Pericholé's head of this most unreasonable fancy, but all in vain; and at length he was obliged to set public opinion at defiance, and, at the risk of a rebellion, to order a coach to be made for the lady, whose folly was destined to render them both ridiculous. How to traverse the streets without being mobbed, was now the grand difficulty, for the Viceroy was pretty sure that he should never behold the fair Pericholé again if she went alone; to go in the same carriage, however, was too scandalous an abomination to be thought of,—besides, it was not what the lady wanted, who must needs go in her own carriage. In the end, it was arranged that the Viceroy should lead in his coach of state, and that La Pericholé should follow, while the usual train of carriages brought up the rear, with the body-guard surrounding all. It is even said the Viceroy had a window cut in the back part of his carriage, for the express purpose of keeping an eye on his lady; be that as it may, it so happened that the mob were amused with the ridiculous nature of the procession, and followed with huzzas the delighted Pericholé, while she crossed and recrossed the city. On returning towards the palace, she drew up before the cathedral, and stepping out, declared that her ambition once satisfied, she had no further occasion for the coach, and would, therefore, in gratitude to Heaven, devote it to the service of the church, and desired that henceforward it might always carry the Host wherever the sacrament of extreme unction was to be administered. - - -

"A strange custom prevails everywhere in this country at balls, public as well as private. Ladies of all ranks, who happen not to be invited, come in disguise, and stand at the windows, or in the passages, and often actually enter the ball-room. They are called Tapadas, from their faces being covered, and their object is, to observe the proceedings of their unconscious friends, whom they torment by malicious speeches, whenever they are within hearing. At the palace, on Sunday evening, the Tapadas were somewhat less forward than usual; but at the Cabildo, or magistrates' hall, given previously, the lower part of the room was filled with them, and they kept up a constant fire of jests at the gentlemen near the bottom of the dance."

With this cento of amusing traits we must close our introduction of these highly-pleasing volumes; but they afford us too many temptations to be disposed of in one paper, and we promise to return to them, with a firm hope that it will gratify the public.

*Memoirs of Captain Rock, the celebrated Irish Chieftain, with some Account of his Ancestors.* Written by Himself. 12mo. pp. 376. London 1824. Longman & Co.

WERE this work (of Mr. T. Moore's) entirely political, we should pass it over as inconsis-

tent with our plan; but it possesses a humorous and satirical character, which brings it fairly within the scope of a literary Gazette. But far be it from us to enter into the boundless field of Ireland's wrongs and riots. We will concede to the author that the Tithe-system is an abomination—the Protestant Church establishment a grievous burthen—and murders and conspiracies the sad—or rather, according to his vein, the merry—results of oppression and misgovernment: yea, that all the concessions made to that country have been extorted, and "leave the giver without merit, and the receiver without gratitude" (p. 229.) That the latter part is perfectly true this book eminently proves; and so long as the spirit in which it is written is cherished, we perfectly agree with the following conclusion of Captain Rock—

"The Seventeenth Century opened with the perfidy of James, who first flattered the hopes of the Catholics, and then persecuted and plundered them afterwards—the birth of the Eighteenth was signalized by the violation of the Article of Limerick—and the Union, a measure rising out of corruption and blood, and clothed in promises put on only to betray, was the phantom by which the dawn of the Nineteenth was welcomed."

"The proclamation of the Herald in the Secular Games of the ancients, was—'Come ye unto sports which no mortal hath ever seen nor ever shall see.' But to us the revolution of ages brings no such novelty, and the words of our Herald, Time, should be—'Come ye unto the misery and the slavery which your fathers endured before you, and which it is the will and the wisdom of the Legislature that your children should suffer after you!'"

Mr. Moore, it is pretty clear from this quotation, is not one of those weak persons who adopt the language of soothing, and recommend the system of conciliation. Ireland is sore, and he claps a blister on the part; an Irish mode of allaying irritation. It appears from Captain Rock's Memoirs, that Ireland has been misgoverned and oppressed by England for centuries; and continues to the present hour to be misgoverned and oppressed. It may be so. Certainly the strong conflict of factions and parties tear that unhappy country. Would to heaven a remedy could be found! but years must elapse before so desirable an object can be obtained, and there is no magic in any single measure, or set of measures, which can work an immediate change.

The first half of the volume before us relates to the early history of Ireland,\* as it stands in the records of one of the race of Rock; and he thus describes his own ancestry—

"With respect to the moral character of my ancestors in the times of Ollam Fodhla and Brian Boromhe, there is no doubt that, however suppressed or modified, it must have been pretty much the same that it is at present. The Great Frederick used to say, that while the French fight for glory, the Spaniards for religion, the English for liberty, the Irish are the only people in the world who

\* "The ancient name of Ireland (says the Captain) was Inisfall, or the Island of Destiny; and, if there had been added 'of evil Destiny,' the name would have been but too truly prophetic of her history. Walsingham, who, in Elizabeth's time, wished the whole island sunk in the sea, breathed a kinder wish for it than he, in the least degree, intended; and, either to have been moved farther off into the Atlantic—'procul a Jove, sed procul a fulmine'—or to be (like Rabelais' island Mécamithi) nowhere, are the only two desirable alternatives that could be offered to us."

fight for fun; and, however true this may be of my countrymen in general, there is no doubt of its perfect correctness as applied to the Rock Family in particular. Discord is, indeed, our natural element; like that storm-loving animal, the seal, we are comfortable only in a tempest; and the object of the following historical and biographical sketch is to show how kindly the English government has at all times consulted our taste in this particular—ministering to our love of riot through every successive reign, from the invasion of Henry II. down to the present day, so as to leave scarcely an interval during the whole six hundred years in which the Captain Rock for the time might not exclaim

"Quo regie in terris nostri non plena laboris?" or, as it has been translated by one of my family:—

Through Leluster, Ulater, Connaught, Munster, Rock's the boy to make the fun stir!"

The following extracts, as the eras advance, will serve to exemplify the most amusing portions of the author's style and manner of treating his subject.

"Henry the Eighth, who was as fond of theology as of dancing, executed various *pirouettes* in the former line, through which he, rather unreasonably, compelled the whole nation to follow him; and difficult as it was to keep pace with his changes, either as believer, author, or husband, or know which of his creeds he wished to be maintained, which of his books he wished to be believed, or which of his wives he wished not to be beheaded, the people of England, to do them justice, obeyed every signal of his caprice with a suppleness quite wonderful, and danced the hays with their monarch and his unfortunate wives through every variety of mystery and murder, into which Thomas Aquinas and the executioner could lead them."

"But they, upon whom a blessing falls, have no right to be particular as to the source from whence it comes; and though (as Gray with infinite gallantry expresses it)

"Twas Love that taught this monarch to be wise, And Gospel light first beam'd from Boleyn's eyes—

though the Faith, thus derived, has preserved, ever since, the '*varium semper et mutabile*' character of its source, yet that it was a blessing to England and her liberties, even Captain Rock—all Papist as he is—will not deny. The very variety and mutableness of English Protestantism is congenial to the spirit of Civil Liberty, which delights to follow the branching rivulets of opinion, and has always found her harvests most rich, where these meandering streams most freely circulate."

"But the Irish were not to be dragged into blessings."

In the period of James I.

"Lucian tells us, that Mercury was hardly out of his cradle before he took to thieving; and it cannot be denied that the infancy of the law among us was distinguished by a similar precociousness of talent."

"Why, then, were my countrymen so quiet during this reign? and how did it happen that under such genial influence of persecution and robbery, the Rocks did not flourish with more than wonted luxuriance?"

"This is a problem which has puzzled historians. Mr. O'Halloran considers it to have been a matter of sentiment. 'King James,' he says, 'was a descendant of our great ancestor Milesius; and, therefore, (like the Irishman lately, who was nearly murdered on Saint Patrick's day, but forgave his assailant

'in honour of the saint,') we bore it all quietly in honour of Milesius.

"Sir John Davies takes a different view of the matter, and is of opinion that 'braying people, as it were, in a mortar with sword and pestilence,' is the only way to make them peaceable and comfortable. 'Whereupon,' says this right-thinking attorney-general, 'the multitude being brayed, as it were, in a mortar with sword, famine, and pestilence together, submitted themselves to the English government, received the laws and magistrates, and most gladly embraced king James's pardon and peace in all parts of the realm with demonstrations of joy and comfort.'

"How little, at all times, have the Irish been aware, that it was solely to produce 'demonstrations of joy and comfort' that this process of braying in a mortar has so frequently been tried upon them.—*Felices, sua si bona norint!*"

"Mathematicians (says Rabelais) allow the same horoscope to princes and to fools; and, however irreverent the notion may be, there are times when one is inclined to think the mathematicians right.

"The impatience naturally felt by the adherents of the Rock family at the unusual tranquillity which prevailed during this period, has been well expressed by one of my ancestors, in a spirited Irish ode, of which I have ventured to translate the opening stanzas, though without the least hope of being able to give any adequate idea of the abrupt and bursting energy of the original.

*Rupes sonant carmina.*—*Virgil.*

Where art thou, Genius of Riot?

Where is thy yell of defiance?

Why are the Sheas and O'Shaughnessies quiet?  
And whither have fled the O'Rourkes and O'Briens?

Up from thy slumber, O'Brannigan!

Rouse the Mac Shanes and O'Haggarties!  
Courage, Sir Corney O'Toole!—be a man again—  
Never let Heffernan say 'what a braggart 'tis!'

Oh! when rebellion 's so feasible,

Where is the kern who'd be slinking off?  
Con of the Battles! what makes you so peaceable?  
Nial, the grand! what the dev'l are you thinking of?

"It has been supposed that, in addition to his organization and command of the White-boys, my father also lent his powerful aid to the Oak-boys and Hearts-of-Steel; the former of whom took arms the following year, 1763, to get rid of a species of Corvée, called the six days labour, and the latter, some years afterwards, in consequence of various acts of oppression on the estate of an absentee nobleman—like those by which the agent of Lord Courtenay lately drove the county of Limerick into revolt.

"As the two latter insurrections were composed chiefly of Northern Protestants, some over strict Catholics have doubted whether my father would condescend to meddle with them. But the Rocks are no bigots in fighting matters; nor indeed at all particular as to whom they fight with, so it be but against the common enemy,—i. e. generally speaking, the Constituted Authorities for the time being. I can easily, therefore, believe that my venerable parent belonged not only to White-boys, Oak-boys, Heart-of-Steel boys, but to all other fraternities of Boys then existing, whose sports were at all likely to end in the attitude thus described by Virgil:—*Ludere pendentes pueros.*"

"In the midst of all these transactions I came into the world,—on the very day (as my mother has often mentioned to me, mak-

ing a sign of the cross on her breast at the same time,) when Father Sheehy, the good parish priest of Clogheen, was hanged at Clonmell on the testimony of a perjured witness, for a crime of which he was as innocent as the babe unborn. This execution of Father Sheehy was one of those *coups d'état* of the Irish authorities, which they used to perform at stated intervals, and which saved them the trouble of further atrocities for some time to come.

"As Tithe matters seemed likely to occupy so much of the attention of our family, and I happened to be my father's tenth son, it struck him, that the ancient Irish custom of dedicating the tenth child to the service of the Church, might be revived in my person with considerable propriety. He accordingly had me christened *Decimus* (which he had learning enough to know was Latin for 'Tenth,') and resolved, if my talent lay that way, to bring me up exclusively to the Tithe department. How far my career in this sacred line has justified his fond paternal hopes, it is not for me to determine. I can only say, that it has always been my pride and ambition to uphold the glory of the name of Rock, and transmit it with, if possible, increased lustre to my descendants.

"I should mention also, among the motives that determined him to this step, a singular Prophecy, which had long existed in our family—and which, though little heeded by him in the time of his comfort and hope, he now clung to with that fondness of belief, of which a good Catholic, driven to despair, alone is capable. It ran thus:—

As long as Ireland shall pretend,

Like sugar-loaf, turn'd upside down,  
To stand upon its smaller end,

So long shall live old Rock's renown.

As long as Popish spade and scythe

Shall dig and cut the Sassanagh's\* tithe;

And Popish purses pay the tolls,

On heaven's road, for Sassanagh souls—

As long as Millions shall kneel down

To ask of Thousands for their own,

While Thousands proudly turn away,

And to the Millions answer 'Nay!—

So long the merry reign shall be

Of Captain Rock and his Family.

These examples are sufficient to illustrate the Memoirs of Capt. Rock. The latter part of the volume, descending to the present time, is not so amusing; and upon the whole we are rather sorry than pleased that the author should have wasted himself upon this work. The subject does not seem very fit for humour; and even humour, too long continued, tires. There is, however, a good deal of historical research, adapted to the view which the author takes; and we have no doubt the book will have its day, and be very generally read.

\* The Irish term for a Protestant, or Englishman.

*Memoirs of His Serene Highness Anthony Philip d'Orleans, Duke of Montpensier, Prince of the Blood.* Written by himself. Translated from the French. 8vo. pp. 264. London 1824. Treuttl's, Würtz, & Richter.

THIS Volume is an affecting companion to that in which the Duchess d'Angouleme so simply and so pathetically related the sufferings of the Royal Family of France, and especially of her brother, the unfortunate Dauphin. What wretchedness was indicted upon them in Paris, the House of Orleans underwent at Marseilles; and the narrative before

us gives an interesting account of the persecutions they endured.

Montpensier, the second son of the Duke of Orleans, was too prominent to escape the vortex which destroyed, with so many of the race of Bourbon, so much that was noble and illustrious in France. While serving under the Duke de Biron at Nice, he was, in April 1793, (when not yet eighteen years of age) seized and conveyed to the prisons of Marseilles, hardly escaping being massacred at Aix and other places on his route. To the same dungeons were carried his father, his young brother Count Beaujolais, a boy of thirteen, his aunt the Duchess of Bourbon and mother of D'Enghien, and the Prince of Conti, all comprehended in the general arrest of the Bourbons decreed by the Convention in that year. The first part of the Memoirs details their treatment, and from this we shall offer a few extracts, which will enable our readers to form an opinion of the work, and cannot fail, we think, to wring a tear of compassion from the least sensitive hearts.

We will not dwell on the many petty barbarities exercised upon the prisoners—nor upon their being denied to breathe the open air—upon parent and children being kept separate in cells, within hearing of each other, and proscribed from intercourse; but a few of the details arising out of these cruelties will exhibit them in all their native infamy as a disgrace to human nature.

"My father (says the author) having ineffectually asked permission on his own account to take the air, were it only at the gate of the tower, now solicited it for Beaujolais, whose health began to suffer from such close confinement, and his tender years obviating every pretext for denial: it was granted, on condition, however, that one of the administrators should keep him constantly in sight. In the course of the day he was sent for, and suffered to remain in the open air for two or three hours, and then remanded to his dungeon. He often earnestly begged to be allowed to come and see me; but his request was constantly refused. His cell being above mine, he was obliged to pass my door in his way out, and he never failed to call to me 'Good day, Montpensier! how are you?' It is impossible to describe the effect his voice had upon me, or the distress I felt when a day passed without my hearing it; for he was sometimes actually forbidden to utter these few words, and was always hurried by so quickly, that he had scarcely time to hear my answer. Once, however, that he had been permitted to remain till my dinner was brought, he crept so close to the heels of the bearer of the basket, that, in spite of the administrators, who tried to hold him back, he darted into my cell, and embraced me. It was six weeks since I had seen him—six wretched weeks! The moment was precious; but, ah! how short! He was torn from me forthwith, with threats of being no more allowed to go out, should the same scene be repeated. Is such barbarity credible? For what grounds, what possible excuse could they offer for preventing two brothers, the one but thirteen and a half, and the other not eighteen years of age, from enjoying the consolation of a moment's interview before witnesses? Nor was I myself any more permitted, when my door opened, to go near enough to catch the breeze which passed through the miserable narrow staircase. One morning only, when my breakfast was brought

I was allowed to remain for an instant at the threshold. While I stood there, how my heart yearned as I heard my father's voice for the first time after so long a period! He was only separated from the staircase by an iron grating; but there was a sentry who could observe his motions, and accost him when he chose. To this grating the municipal officers and administrators let their friends come to satisfy their curiosity; and the advantage of being able to breathe a little more freely was, in my opinion, dearly purchased at such a sacrifice. A similar privilege had been offered to me, of a grating in place of my massy door; but I declined it; nor could I conceive how my unhappy father could prefer the inconveniences I have mentioned to seclusion by a bolted door. But these had no effect upon him; he even liked to see many faces, be they who they might; and he was pleased to have some one now and then to whom he could speak. At the time I allude to, I heard him ask the sentry what o'clock it was; and I hastened to call out 'Nine—good day, my dear father!—how do you find yourself?'—'Ah! Montpensier!' replied he, 'how happy I am to hear your voice! My health is none of the best, my poor child; but if I could see you it would do me much good.' I then heard him ask leave to see me for a moment; but it was refused, and the door was immediately shut.

"All I had been prepared to expect (continues the narration,) when my razors, knives, &c. were taken away, was punctiliously put in force. When I wanted to shave (which happened much less frequently to me than to Gamache,\* for I had then very little beard,) I asked the administrator to let the case be brought, in which my razors were, and two national guards remained at our side all the time we made use of them. The earnestness with which they eyed Gamache, as he shaved, used often to amuse me. When he was in good humour he would ask them if they fancied he had a mind to cut his throat; and assured them, that if nobody was more desirous to harm his head than himself, it would stand a long time upon his shoulders; but he was really ashamed, he said, to see them tire themselves so for his toilette.

"I always took advantage of the arrival of the dressing-case, to mend pens and sharpen pencils; for I tried to draw whenever there was light enough; but it was very difficult, and often impossible. I could not even use a table knife, without having two national guards at my elbow, which was odious to me; for then we could not talk, and meals are often the pleasantest times for conversation. On this account, I had the roast meat which was brought for supper, cut into little bits, that both knives and the presence of these gentlemen might be dispensed with. It happened, now and then, that the persons deputed to superintend our meals were civil and well-disposed, which rendered it less disagreeable, and even enabled us to get a little knowledge of what was passing outside the walls, respecting which we were left in utter ignorance. But, as they were always strictly enjoined to be silent in our presence, a fondness for talking, and a thorough confidence in each other, were necessary to induce them to violate the injunction, which seldom occurred."

General Carteaux having occupied Marsailles with his army, the prisoners were treated with a little less rigour; but at the

same time the catastrophe of the Duke of Orleans approached. His son naturally speaks of him with affectionate attachment; and his story of their last separation, and its consequences, is that of a real sorrow more touching to the soul than any of the best-wrought tales of fictitious woe.

A sergeant had taken upon him to permit the father and son to embrace.

"The next morning he made no difficulty, and even left me all the forenoon with my father—what a gratification! He did not come to lock me in till the moment before the guard was relieved; and the sergeant who succeeded him being of the same stamp as himself, granted us the like indulgence in the best natured way imaginable, and without restricting us even as to supper. We had thus the consolation of being able to talk at our ease, and without witnesses, which we had not enjoyed for a long time; and, to crown all, we played at several sorts of games, cards in all their variety, besides draughts and chess. In short, independently of the pleasure which this alleviation was calculated of itself to afford us, it was still further enhanced by the hope, however unfounded, of its being the first step towards liberation, which was balm to our wounds. We had been latterly so ill treated—so horribly ill treated, that the least gleam of humanity in those to whom we were consigned, which was all they could show without danger to themselves, greatly improved our situation; and I must do them the justice to say, that they stretched those opportunities to the utmost extent. When I say *they*, I would be understood to refer to nearly all the sergeants who were alternately stationed in the tower, and upon whom, in consequence, we immediately depended. The officers in general were not so kind; still there were some who conducted themselves extremely well towards us. Beaujolais was permitted to walk in the fortress whenever he liked; and my faithful Gamache obtained the same favour. These two half liberties gave us the more pleasure, as it enabled them to observe every thing that was going on outside, and bring us the details; but, notwithstanding all our appeals, my father and I were denied the benefit of taking the air, of which it may be supposed we stood greatly in need. My father indeed suffered still more from the privation than I did. At length, however, some time having elapsed, an officer on duty entered our cell one day after dinner, saying, 'Come, citizens, come and breathe the fresh air. It is too bad to smother you in this way. I take the consequence upon myself; and let them punish me for it if they like.' We followed him with an eagerness that may easily be imagined, assuring him of our gratitude.

"It is impossible for any one who has not felt it, to form an idea of the dizziness occasioned by the broad day-light, after having been long deprived of it, and by suddenly breathing the pure air. I was at first so overcome, that it was several minutes before I could walk. After this dizziness, a kind of drunkenness came over me that made me stagger, and I experienced at the same time a humming in my ears that utterly prevented my hearing a word that was said. It was more than a quarter of an hour before I was capable of enjoying the blessing that had been granted me. Our promenade was on a little terrace adjoining the tower in which we were confined. We were left there an hour and a

half, and when night approached were conducted back to our cells. The next and following days we were allowed the same indulgence. Some officers, however, either from bad-heartedness, or the fear of committing themselves, refused it; but this rarely happened; and when it did, a few bottles of wine, and some pipes of good tobacco, induced the sergeants to take it upon themselves, to allow us a short visit to the terrace.

"Thus passed September, and part of the following month. On the morning of the 15th of October, when I was talking with my father, Beaujolais hurried in with a disturbed air, which he tried in vain to dissemble. My father asked whether any thing new had occurred. 'There is something about you in the papers,' he replied. 'That is nothing new, my dear boy; it is an honour that is often done me: but I should like to see the paper, if you can get it.'—'It was at my aunt's I saw it, and she charged me not to mention it to you; but I know you wish nothing to be kept from you.'—'You are right. But tell me, is it in the Convention I have been spoken of?'—'It is, papa; and it is decreed that you are to be put on your trial.'—'So much the better, so much the better, my son; it must come to an end soon, one way or the other. And of what can I be accused? Embrace me, my children; the news delights me!' I was far from sharing his joy; but his conscious security, and the propensity we all have to believe what we wish, made me feel less uneasy than I should have done, had the intelligence reached me when he was not by. The paper was brought, and he read the decree of accusation against himself and several others. 'It is built,' said he, 'on nothing; it has been solicited by miscreants; but no matter; let them do their worst; I defy them to bring any thing against me!' In this manner did that enviable spirit of optimism which prevailed in his character, conceal from him the danger to which he was exposed. 'Come, my dear boys,' continued he, 'do not let this good news deject you, but sit down, and let us have a game!' We did so, and he played as freely and as cheerfully as if nothing had happened. He told me afterwards that I should be taken with him to Paris to stand my trial. I thought so too; but my presentiment was by no means equally consoling as to the result. Some days after, we had a visit from the three commissioners who had come from Paris to seek their victim. They addressed us in the politest, and even most *honied* tone (the motive I could never ascertain), begged that we would not be under the slightest apprehension, and assured us that it was more an explanation than a trial, that was desired. They said also, in answer to a question from my father, that they had no orders whatever respecting me, and that as to his own departure, he had better hold himself in readiness, as they must come for him in a very few days. "On the 23rd of October, at five in the morning, I was waked by my poor father entering my dungeon with the butchers who were about to bear him off to the slaughter. He embraced me tenderly. 'I come, my dear Montpensier,' said he, 'to bid you adieu, for I am just setting off.' I was so petrified I could not speak. I pressed him to my bosom in an agony of tears. 'I meant,' added he, 'to have gone without taking leave, for such moments are always painful; but I could not overcome the desire of seeing

\* His faithful valet.—Ed.

you once more before I went. Farewell, my child! take comfort! comfort your brother, and think, both of you, what happiness we shall enjoy when next we meet! Alas! that happiness we were never destined to enjoy. . . .

"I went up to Beaujolais, whom I found in tears, and we passed the whole day in talking of him from whom we could not bring ourselves to believe we were separated for ever. The next day we busied ourselves with devising how to get away from the hateful spot where we had passed nearly five tedious months; that is to say, we drew up petitions to the constituted authorities. We could not conceive why they should be desirous of confining in dungeons two youths, the one eighteen and the other only fourteen, against whom there was not the shadow of an accusation; and we flattered ourselves that they would at least grant us healthier and lighter rooms, and a little more liberty. But we were mistaken. The answer to our petitions was an order, forbidding our being allowed to quit the tower, even for a moment; and enjoining, that we should only take the air in the day time on the top of the tower, where a sentry was placed, whose duty it was to shut the door an hour before sunset. This new severity, so contrary to what our foolish hopes had excited in us, struck us with amazement, and excited a mingled feeling of resentment and indignation, which we could not conceal from the bearer of the despotic order; but, as usual, we were forced to submit with the best grace we could.

"In about eight or ten days after my father's departure, we were delighted with a letter from him, dated at Lyons. It was short, and consisted merely of a few particulars, tolerably satisfactory, respecting his health and situation. This was the last time we ever heard from him. We were not allowed to read the public papers, though we requested it with more earnestness than ever."

They flattered themselves with all the deceitfulness of youthful hope, that no ill had happened to their father; but, at last, the fatal truth reached them—

"A city guard (who had been placed over us by the municipality and administrators, ostensibly, to see their orders executed, but really as spies, to make known what we said and did,) told us one evening, with an awkward air, that my aunt had obtained leave to pass an hour with us the next day. This raised our uneasiness to its height, but we still kept hold of our delusion. 'My aunt,' we said to each other, 'never looks but at the dark side of things. She always fancied my father in some perilous situation, and she is coming, no doubt, to prepare us for some misfortune she fears, but none of which she has any certain knowledge.' On the morrow (oh! day of agony!) it was so dark in our dungeon, that we were obliged (which happened some times,) to keep candles burning till bed-time. About noon my aunt came. 'My poor children!' cried she, after fixing her eyes piteously on us for some time, 'I hope you are prepared for the painful duty I have to fulfil towards you!'—'No, aunt,' we eagerly replied, 'we are not prepared for any thing, we know nothing.'—'Is it possible you should not have had some presentiment of a misfortune, so terrible, that religion alone can enable you to support it with firmness? You must no longer be deceived. First, read this from your mother,

which has been entrusted to me to deliver to you.' The letter only contained these words, in a very large and disfigured hand: 'Live, wretched children! for your equally wretched mother!' This heart-rending injunction totally overcame me. I looked at Beaujolais, and our eyes scarcely met, when the tears streamed from them, and with the more violence from having been so long suppressed. But even yet, not being able to admit the frightful idea of the loss we had sustained, 'Aunt!' cried I, 'in mercy be explicit! What is become of my father?'—'You have no longer a father!' she replied. 'He has been condemned and executed!' I had only time to exclaim, 'O, execrable monsters!' before I fell senseless. Beaujolais fainted also. On coming to myself, I was in convulsions. They attempted to place me on a bed: it was the same, my poor father had slept in for four months! The sight had an effect upon me impossible to be described: I raved, I howled, I threatened my father's murderers,—I called upon them to put me to death. Never was there a state of greater violence, or of greater anguish."

(To be concluded in our next.)

*The Adventures and Sufferings of John R. Jewitt, only Survivor of the Ship Boston, during a Captivity of nearly three Years among the Savages of Nootka Sound, &c.* 12mo. pp. 237. Edinburgh, Constable & Co.; London, Hurst & Co.

THIS book was originally printed in America, and purports to contain the actual adventures of a living individual, as stated in the title-page. Whether any person who has traded to Nootka Sound so as to acquire some knowledge of the natives, is the author; or whether the narrative is altogether invention, we cannot take upon ourselves to determine: but we will venture to say that the story-teller is at any rate one of those who if vulgarly called liars, owe the appellation to their telling the truth and more. This will be shown in the sequel.

Mr. Jewitt sets out, like Crusoe, with his birth, parentage, and education. The son of a Lincolnshire blacksmith, he prefers the avail to the study of medicine; and when about twenty years of age, namely, A.D. 1802, embarks at Hull as armourer on board of an American vessel (Captain Salter) bound for the Pacific and Chinese commerce. The principal incident of the voyage to Nootka is the shooting of an Albatross "of the goose kind," fifteen feet from wing to wing (p. 18.) This marine *Roe* could not have flown from Arabia, the only country where we ever heard of the species existing. (Vide Arabian Tales passim.)

Having arrived in Nootka Sound without meeting any creature of proportionate size in the waters of the ocean, where were nothing but a parcel of paltry whales or so, the king, one Maquina, came on board, and for some time a friendly enough intercourse subsisted. But alas! when high-minded savages and high-spirited American sea-captains are in contact, an explosion is always to be dreaded. Captain Salter gave the king a double-barrelled fowling-piece, which seems to have had bad locks; for the very first day his majesty went out to enjoy the diversion of shooting, he contrived to spoil one of these necessary appendages. When he next visited the captain, he hinted that the locks were Brumagem; which disrespect to his present so

incensed the donor, that, not having the fear of royalty before his eyes, nor a sense of politeness in his heart, he "called the king a liar, adding other opprobrious terms." This threw his majesty into a terrible rage, but he stifled his passion, and silently took measures for revenging the insult to his Nootka dignity, which he as effectually and properly wiped out by murdering Captain Salter and all his crew, save two, as if he had pistolled or been pistolled by him in a duel, according to the manners and customs of more civilized and enlightened men. Mr. Jewitt was preserved alive, (with only a dreadful gash across his skull, the cicatrice of which would puzzle the whole college of phrenologists,) because his majesty wisely considered that an armourer might be made useful to the state. One Thompson, too, a sail-maker, was spared,—a Philadelphian, and very amiable sort of personage, as may hereafter appear. Of the rest, the following is Mr. Jewitt's official return: On the deck

— "The heads of our unfortunate captain and his crew, to the number of twenty-five, were all arranged in a line, and Maquina ordering one of his people to bring a head, asked me whose it was; I answered, the captain's; in like manner the others were showed me, and I told him the names, excepting a few that were so horribly mangled that I was not able to recognise them.

"I now discovered that all our unfortunate crew had been massacred, and learned, that, after getting possession of the ship, the savages had broke open the arm chest and magazine, and supplying themselves with ammunition and arms, sent a party on shore to attack our men, who had gone thither to fish, and being joined by numbers from the village, without difficulty overpowered and murdered them, and cutting off their heads, brought them on board, after throwing their bodies into the sea. On looking upon the deck, I saw it entirely covered with the blood of my poor comrades, whose throats had been cut with their own jack-knives, the savages having seized the opportunity while they were busy in hoisting in the boat, to grapple with them, and overpower them by their numbers: in the scuffle the captain was thrown overboard, and dispatched by those in the canoes, who immediately cut off his head."

The captive brace are tolerably treated, and in time become familiar with the native usages, respecting which we take the following as broad samples—

"The men wear bracelets of painted leather or copper, and large ear-rings of the latter; but the ornament on which they appear to set the most value is the nose-jewel, if such an appellation may be given to the wooden stick which some of them employ for this purpose. The king and chiefs, however, wear them of a different form, being either small pieces of polished copper or brass, of which I made many for them, in the shape of hearts and diamonds, or a twisted conical shell, about half an inch in length, of a bluish colour, and very bright, which is brought from the south. These are suspended by a small wire or string to the hole, in the gristle of the nose, which is formed in infancy, by boring it with a pin, the hole being afterwards enlarged by the repeated insertion of wooden pegs of an increased size, until it becomes about the diameter of a pipe stem, though some have them of a size nearly sufficient to admit the little finger.

"The common class, who cannot readily

procure the more expensive jewels that I have mentioned, substitute for them, usually, a smooth round stick, some of which are of an almost incredible length, for I have seen them projecting not less than eight or nine inches beyond the face on each side; this is made fast, or secured in its place, by little wedges on each side of it. These sprit-sail-yard fellows, as my messmate used to call them, when rigged out in this manner, made quite a strange show; and it was his delight, whenever he saw one of them coming towards us with an air of consequence proportioned to the length of his stick, to put up his hand suddenly as he was passing him, so as to strike the stick, in order, as he said, to brace him up sharp to the wind; this used to make them very angry, but nothing was more remote from Thompson's ideas than a wish to cultivate their favour.

"The natives of Nootka appear to have but little inclination for the chase, though some of them were expert marksmen, and used sometimes to shoot ducks and geese; but the seal and the sea-otter form the principal objects of their hunting, particularly the latter. . . . But if not great hunters, there are few people more expert at fishing."

At the seasons of the herrings and sprats spawning, the natives "collect a great quantity of pine branches, which they place in different parts of the Cove, at the depth of about ten feet, and secure them by means of heavy stones. On these the herrings deposit their spawn in immense quantities; the bushes are then taken up, the spawn stripped from the branches, and after being washed and freed from the pine leaves by the women, is dried and put up in baskets for use. It is considered as their greatest delicacy, and eaten both cooked and raw: in the former case, being boiled and eaten with train oil, and in the latter, mixed up with cold water alone. . . .

"There occurred a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, during which the natives manifested great alarm and terror, the whole tribe hurrying to Maquina's house, where, instead of keeping within, they seated themselves on the roof, amid the severest of the tempest, drumming upon the boards, and looking up to heaven, while the king beat the long hollow plank, singing, and, as he afterwards told me, begging *Quahootze*, the name they give to God, not to kill them, in which he was accompanied by the whole tribe. This singing and drumming was continued until the storm abated. . . .

"On the morning of the 13th of December commenced what to us appeared a most singular farce. Apparently without any previous notice, Maquina discharged a pistol close to his son's ear, who immediately fell down, as if killed, upon which all the women of the house set up a most lamentable cry, tearing handfuls of hair from their head, and exclaiming that the prince was dead; at the same time, a great number of the inhabitants rushed into the house, armed with their daggers, muskets, &c. inquiring the cause of their outcry. These were immediately followed by two others, dressed in wolf-skins, with masks over their faces, representing the head of that animal. The latter came in on their hands and feet, in the manner of a beast, and taking up the prince, carried him off upon their backs, retiring in the same manner they entered. We saw nothing more of the ceremony, as Maquina came to us, and giving us a quantity of dried provision, ordered us to

quit the house, and not return to the village before the expiration of seven days; for that, if we appeared within that period, he should kill us.

"At any other season of the year, such an order would by us have been considered as an indulgence, in enabling us to pass our time in whatever way we wished; and even now, furnished as we were with sufficient provision for that term, it was not very unpleasant to us, more particularly Thompson, who was always desirous to keep as much as possible out of the society and sight of the natives, whom he detested. Taking with us our provisions, a bundle of clothes, and our axes, we obeyed the directions of Maquina, and withdrew into the woods, where we built ourselves a cabin to shelter us with the branches of trees, and keeping up a good fire, secured ourselves pretty well from the cold. Here we passed the prescribed period of our exile, with more content than much of the time while with them, employing the day in reading and praying for our release, or in rambling around and exploring the country, the soil of which we found to be very good, and the face of it beautifully diversified with hills and valleys, refreshed with the finest streams of water; and at night enjoyed comfortable repose upon a bed of soft leaves, with our garments spread over us, to protect us from the cold.

"At the end of seven days we returned, and found several of the people of A-i-tiz-zart, with their king, or chief, at Tashees, who had been invited by Maquina to attend the close of this performance, which I now learned was a celebration, held by them annually, in honour of their god, whom they call *Quahootze*, to return him their thanks for his past, and implore his future favours. It terminated on the 21st, the day after our return, with a most extraordinary exhibition. Three men, each of whom had two bayonets run through his sides, between the ribs, apparently regardless of the pain, traversed the room backwards and forwards, singing war songs, and exulting in this display of firmness. . . .

"A few days after, a circumstance occurred, which, from its singularity, I cannot forbear mentioning. I was sent for by my neighbour *Yealthlower*, the king's elder brother, to file his teeth, which operation having performed, he informed me, that a new wife, whom he had a little time before purchased, having refused to sleep with him, it was his intention, provided she persisted in her refusal, to bite off her nose. I endeavoured to dissuade him from it, but he was determined, and, in fact, performed his savage threat that very night, saying, that since she would not be his wife, she should not be that of any other, and in the morning sent her back to her father.

"This inhuman act did not, however, proceed from any innate cruelty of disposition, or malice, as he was far from being of a barbarous temper; but such is the despotism exercised by these savages over their women, that he no doubt considered it as a just punishment for her offence, in being so obstinate and perverse; as he afterwards told me, that, in similar cases, the husband had a right, with them, to disgrace his wife in this way, or some other, to prevent her ever marrying again. . . .

"On the birth of twins, they have a most singular custom, which, I presume, has its origin in some religious opinion; but what it is I could never satisfactorily learn. The father is prohibited for the space of two years

from eating any kind of meat, or fresh fish; during which time, he does no kind of labour whatever, being supplied with what he has occasion for from the tribe. In the meantime, he and his wife, who is also obliged to conform to the same abstinence, with their children, live entirely separate from the others, a small hut being built for their accommodation; and he is never invited to any of the feasts, except such as consist wholly of dried provision, where he is treated with great respect, and seated among the chiefs, though no more himself than a private individual.

"Such births are very rare among them. An instance of the kind, however, occurred while I was at Tashees the last time; but it was the only one known since the reign of the former king. The father always appeared very thoughtful and gloomy, never associated with the other inhabitants, and was at none of the feasts, but such as were entirely of dried provision; and of this he eat not to excess, and constantly retired before the amusements commenced. His dress was very plain, and he wore around his head the red fillet of bark, the symbol of mourning and devotion. It was his daily practice to repair to the mountain, with a chief's rattle in his hand, to sing and pray, as Maquina informed me, for the fish to come into their waters. When not thus employed, he kept continually at home, except when sent for to sing and perform his ceremonies over the sick, being considered as a sacred character, and one much in favour with their gods."

These quotations of the most characteristic traits of the people may be genuine for aught we know; but we cannot help viewing the whole book with an eye of suspicion. If they are apocryphal, however, they are also amusing, and this must be our apology for giving them a place here. Why we doubt the author so much may be guessed from what we have already said; but farther cause might be shown if required. Thus, for example, Mr. Jewitt's marriage with a beautiful and charming princess, whom he turns away because he is afraid his connexion with her may make her countrymen reckon him more surely one of themselves, is a touch of the romantic rather beyond our fireside faith. The insanity of the king's brother-in-law, in consequence of his remorse for massacring the whites, and his fancying that he sees their ghosts (apparitions never having been imagined before by any native of Nootka Sound) is another of the marvellous stories which stagger our belief—but, in fairness, we will cite two other instances verbatim, and leave the deduction to our readers.

While King Maquina was favourably disposed to us (says Mr. J.)

"I took an opportunity to inform him of the ill treatment that we frequently received from his people, and the insults that were offered us by some of the stranger tribes, in calling us white slaves, and loading us with other opprobrious terms. He was much displeased, and said that his subjects should not be allowed to treat us ill, and that, if any of the strangers did it, he wished us to punish the offenders with death, at the same time directing us, for our security, to go constantly armed.

"This permission was soon improved by Thompson to the best advantage; for a few days after, having gone to the pond to wash some of our clothes, and blanket for Maquina, several Wickinnish, who were then at Nootka, came thither, and seeing him washing the

clothes, and the blanket spread upon the grass to dry, they began, according to custom, to insult him, and one of them, bolder than the others, walked over the blanket. Thompson was highly incensed, and threatened the Indian with death if he repeated the offence; but he, in contempt of the threat, trampled upon the blanket, when, drawing his cutlass, without farther ceremony, Thompson cut off his head, on seeing which the others ran off at full speed; Thompson then gathering up the clothes and blanket, on which were the marks of the Indian's dirty feet, and taking with him the head, returned and informed the king of what had passed, who was much pleased, and highly commended his conduct. This had a favourable effect for us, not only on the stranger tribes, but the inhabitants themselves, who treated us afterwards with less disrespect."

They go to war with the A-y-charts, and this is the history of the campaign—

"At midnight, we came in sight of the village, which was situated on the west bank, near the shore, on a steep hill difficult of access, and well calculated for defence. It consisted of fifteen or sixteen houses, smaller than those at Nootka, and built in the same style, but compactly placed. By Maquina's directions, the attack was deferred until the first appearance of dawn, as he said that was the time when men slept the soundest.

"At length all being ready for the attack, we landed with the greatest silence, and going around so as to come upon the foe in the rear, clambered up the hill, and while the natives, as is their custom, entered the several huts, creeping on all-fours, my comrade and myself stationed ourselves without, to intercept those who should attempt to escape, or come to the aid of their friends. I wished, if possible, not to stain my hands in the blood of any fellow-creature, and though Thompson would gladly have put to death all the savages in the country, he was too brave to think of attacking a sleeping enemy.

"Having entered the houses, on the war-whoop being given by Maquina, as he seized the head of the chief, and gave him the fatal blow, all proceeded to the work of death. The A-y-charts being thus surprised, were unable to make resistance, and with the exception of a very few, who were so fortunate as to make their escape, were all killed, or taken prisoners on condition of becoming slaves to their captors. I had the good fortune to take four captives, whom Maquina, as a favour, permitted me to consider as mine, and occasionally employ them in fishing for me; as for Thompson, who thirsted for revenge, he had no wish to take any prisoners, but with his cutlass, the only weapon he would employ against them, succeeded in killing seven stout fellows, who came to attack him, an act which obtained him great credit with Maquina and the chiefs, who, after this, held him in much higher estimation, and gave him the appellation of *Cheiel-suma-har*, it being the name of a very celebrated warrior of their nation in ancient times, whose exploits were the constant theme of their praise."

With these examples we conclude. What credit is due to the author we leave every one to decide for himself; only hinting that we are of the incredulous,—or at least think that if

All this was done by Johnny Jewitt,  
No other man could e'er go through it.

#### THE SUFFOLK PAPERS.

The second volume of this publication is equally interesting with the first; and we only regret that the variety of other demands upon our attention and space must limit our further extracts. The following letter gives a curious account of the conversion of the ancient seat of the Seymours into an inn at Marlborough, still so striking, on the Bath road.

#### Lady Vere to Lady Suffolk.

Abbey House, Bath, Saturday, Oct. 19, [1751.]

"As this is the first post since we arrived here, which was on Thursday evening, I thought you would be glad to hear that we all arrived safe and well. We had no misfortunes on the road, nor nothing remarkable happened. Lord and Lady Berkeley<sup>a</sup> dined with us from Cranford at the Windmill, and Lord Henry Beauclerk<sup>b</sup> from Windsor, and Mr. Hunter from Hanworth. We lay at the Castle Inn at Marlborough on Wednesday night, and could not help moaning over it, as it was an ancient habitation of the Seymours. Lord Northumberland<sup>c</sup> has let it for twenty-one years: it has been opened about a fortnight, and curiosity draws multitudes there, and it is overflowing with company continually. It is a prodigious large house, and furnished inn-like, two beds in each room; but as the furniture is new, and mostly washing, it looks spruce and clean. But what they are the least to be forgiven for selling, are several old pictures, that really look to be good, particularly one of Henry VI., very young, in his kingly robes and gown, &c. sitting in a chair. We propose to bid for it as we go back. The garden is greatly gone to ruin, but must have been, when kept up, extremely pretty. There are a wood, a running water, and a very high mount in it. Would the grandfather Duke of Somerset have liked to have been told that his grand-daughter would have put his family house to this use? Lady Betty does not dare to write the Duke of Dorset an account of this house, for fear it should put him in mind that some time or other it may be thought that<sup>d</sup> Knowl may make as convenient an inn for Tunbridge as this does for Bath. . . .

"Lady Betty thinks herself in danger of being<sup>e</sup> *Barnarded* by a son of Lord Chesterfield; and indeed I think nobody can blame her, as he has made such great court to her, and she has known him so long; for he invited her to his ball yesterday, and gave her his place at the play the day before, and that gave her a desire to know his name. He is just nineteen, very lively, and is going to

<sup>a</sup> Augustus, fourth Earl Berkeley, and Elizabeth Drax his lady."

<sup>b</sup> Lord Henry Beauclerk, a colonel in the army, next brother to Lord Vere, and fourth son of the first Duke of St. Alban's. He died in 1761."

<sup>c</sup> Sir Hugh Smithson, of Stanwick, married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Algernon, seventh Duke of Somerset, who was the son of the proud duke and of the heiress of the Percies. On the death of Duke Algernon, Sir Hugh succeeded to the earldom of Northumberland: in 1766 he was created Duke of Northumberland."

<sup>d</sup> By the death, without issue, of the fourth Duke of Dorset, and the necessity of dividing the estate between his sisters, the realisation of this reversion of Lady Vere becomes not improbable; but there was no such excuse for Lord Northumberland's degradation of the house at Marlborough."

<sup>e</sup> Lady Pembroke married Major Barnard, within a few months after the death of her lord. Lady Vere hints that it would be scarce more surprising if Lady Betty (who had now been forty years a widow) should run away with young Stanhope."

<sup>f</sup> The son, who was the object of the celebrated Letters. This evidence of his being lively and agreeable is at variance with the ordinary stories of his dulness and awkwardness."

Paris again, if Lady Betty does not make him sell his commission. . . .

The following relates to another remarkable mansion—

#### The Earl of Buckingham to Lady Suffolk.

Sept. 1757.

"Dear Madam,—If the partridge-pie gives you as much pleasure as your letter did to me, it will be the best pie that ever was tasted. You do not indeed mention any thing of your health; but there is a cheerfulness in your style which induces me to flatter myself that you are very well.

"Torre del Pazzo (for such we now find by authentic records to be the ancient name of the building lately discovered at Blickling) was erected by William I. of the Norman line, and as a residence for an Italian of remarkable wit and humour, who used by his sallies to enliven the dull, gloomy disposition of his barbarous court. He gave him also divers manors in the pleasant vale that leads from Aylsham to Yarmouth. The king then married him to a maid of honour, a young lady of great spirit and facetiousness—(maids of honour are still the same)—who brought him a numerous issue, sold all his manors, and broke his heart. His indigent children were squandered in various parts of Europe, and from them are descended all the Harlequins, Pierrots, Columbines, &c. who so much contribute to the diversion and improvement of the present age. Torre del Pazzo, which was the name he gave his habitation, signifies, in Italian, the Fool's or Madman's Tower. I need not tell your ladyship, that, after passing through various families, some of the manors, and the whole tower, are in my possession. It gives me great concern that it is not in my power to follow exactly the footsteps of the illustrious first proprietor. I may indeed, by singular good fortune, find a maid of honour who will condescend to sell my manors and break my heart; but I have too just an opinion of the measure of my own understanding not to be sensible, that if she produces Harlequins or Pierrots, it must be by another father.

"Make my compliments to the young lady<sup>a</sup> (*Miss Hotham*.) Let me hear from you when you can, and believe me

"Your most affectionate Nephew,  
"BUCKINGHAM."

Our next letter needs no introduction—  
*The Hon. Horace Walpole (afterwards Earl of Orford) to Lady Suffolk.*

[London] July 3, 1765.

"YOUR ladyship's goodness to me on all occasions makes me flatter myself that I am not doing an impertinence in telling you I am alive; though, after what I have suffered, you may be sure there cannot be much of me left.

The gout has been a little in my stomach, much more in my head, but luckily never out of my right foot, and for twelve, thirteen, and seventeen hours together, insisting upon having its way as absolutely as ever my Lady Blandford did. The extremity of pain seems to be over, though I sometimes think my tyrant puts in his claim to t' other foot; and surely he is, like most tyrants, mean as well as cruel, or he could never have thought the leg of a lark such a prize.

<sup>a</sup> As Lady Pembroke had made Major Barnard do."

<sup>b</sup> Lady Dorothy Hobart married in 1752 Col. Charles Hotham, who afterwards succeeded to the baronetage, and took the name of Thompson. They had an only daughter, whom Lady Suffolk adopted, and educated, (as she had done her mother.) Miss Hotham was probably born in 1753, and died unmarried in 1816."

<sup>c</sup> Lady Blandford was somewhat impatient in her temper."

"The fever, the tyrant's first minister, has been at least as vexatious as his master, and makes use of this hot day to plague me more; yet as I was sending a servant to Twickenham, I could not help scrawling out a few lines to ask how your ladyship does, to tell you how I am, and to lament the roses, strawberries, and banks of the river.

"I know nothing, madam, of any kings or ministers but those I have mentioned, and this administration I fervently hope will be changed soon, and for all others I shall be very indifferent. Had a great prince come to my bedside yesterday, I should have begged that the honour might last a very few minutes.

"I am, &c. HORACE WALPOLE."

Another letter from the same (at Paris) has the following characteristic paragraph—

"Yesterday I dined at La Borde's, the great banker of the court. Lord! madam, how little and poor all your houses in London will look after his! In the first place, you must have a garden half as long as the Mall, and then you must have fourteen windows, each as long as the other half, looking into it, and each window must consist of only eight panes of looking-glass. You must have a first and second ante-chamber, and they must have nothing in them but dirty servants. Next must be the grand cabinet, hung with red damask, in gold frames, and covered with eight large and very bad pictures, that cost four thousand pounds—I cannot afford them you a farthing cheaper. Under these, to give an air of lightness, must be hung bas-reliefs in marble. Then there must be immense armiroires of tortoiseshell and or-molu, inlaid with metals. And then you may go into the petit cabinet, and then into the great *salle*, and the gallery, and the billiard-room, and the eating-room; and all these must be hung with crystal lustres and looking-glass from top to bottom; and then you must stuff them fuller than they will hold with granite tables, and porphyry urns, and bronzes, and statues, and vases, and the Lord or the devil knows what. But, for fear you should ruin yourself or the nation, the Duchess de Grammont must give you this, and Madame de Marsan that; and if you have any body that has any taste to advise you, your eating-room must be hung with huge hunting pieces in frames of all-coloured golds, and at top of one of them you may have a setting-dog, who, having sprung a wooden partridge, it may be flying a yard off against the wainscot. To warm and light this palace, it must cost you eight-and-twenty thousand livres<sup>1</sup> a year in wood and candles. If you cannot afford that, you must stay till my Lord Clive returns with the rest of the Indies.

"The mistress of this Arabian Nights' Entertainment is very pretty, and—Sir Laurence La Borde is so fond of her, that he sits by her at dinner, and calls her *Pug*, or *Taw*, or, I forget what." . . .

<sup>1</sup> This manufacture is called *Boule* (erroneously Buhl) from the name of an artist who worked for Louis XVI."

<sup>2</sup> About 1900l."

<sup>3</sup> His name was Jean Joseph de La Borde; but Walpole calls him Sir Laurence, in allusion to some English banker. The Count de La Borde, whose travels in Spain are so well known, was the son of the banker."

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Ellen Ramsay; a Novel of Fashionable Life.*  
By Miss Hannah W. Moore. 3 vols. 12mo.  
London 1824. Longman & Co.

A work of the imagination, of this class, has for some time been a desideratum; and as the

public mind has been so long engrossed by legends of antique construction, it may perhaps find a pleasing relief in a subject of a modern cast. Miss Moore tells her story with considerable point and animation. Descriptions of natural scenery she rarely attempts, but in the delineation of scenes of a moral character her pencil has no common powers. In proof of this we would cite the animated description of a masquerade in fashionable life, given us at page 244 of the first volume; but the extract would be too long, and therefore we shall content ourselves with a part of the scene, as described at page 111.

"As the coach proceeded, Ellen read again the words which conveyed the wishes of the unhappy writer; but could not call to mind having ever seen the hand-writing before. When the coach stopped, a woman came to the door, and in a coarse voice, demanded, 'if she was the person expected?'

"Yes," replied Ellen, springing out; 'show me to them directly;' and hastened into the house, greatly agitated.

"The woman eyed her with surprise, and wondered that such a beautiful dressed lady (for she had resumed her mourning) could bring herself to visit so mean a house as hers; but telling her to take care, and not slip through the broken stairs, she desired her to follow her. Having ascended to the top of the house, she threw open a door, and saying she must go down again to mind her shop, left Ellen to announce herself. She entered—but what description can do justice to the scene which presented itself. Opposite to where she stood was a window which had originally possessed six panes of glass, two of which alone remained, while the vacant squares were covered with paper, or filled with rags, and through which the drizzling rain was finding its way to the greasy unwashed flooring of the room. In one corner stood a flock-bed, upon which lay a form apparently dead, but whether man or woman, it was impossible to distinguish, while a dirty worsted rag was spread over the body. One chair and a small wooden table comprised the whole of the furniture of this wretched apartment; and Ellen, as she advanced towards the bed, felt an indescribable horror at beholding death under circumstances so new and so unexpected. She started back involuntarily, as a deep sigh escaped the bosom of the unknown; but she rejoiced to find that she had been deceived in supposing that life had fled. Gaining courage in the hope of being serviceable to one who had so earnestly entreated her presence, she drew nearer the bed, when, transfixed with horror and amazement, she stood mute and immovable. The form which lay stretched before her was that of a woman, still young, and once beautiful, now pale and emaciated. Her eyes were open, but fixed on vacancy, while her long dark hair lay in wild disorder on her snowy bosom. Death sat on her brow triumphant, secure of his victim; the fatal dart was but suspended to fall more heavily at last. Ellen still gazed—a sickness, like that of death, stole over her—no longer could she doubt the dreadful truth; and incapable of supporting her sinking frame, she threw herself upon the foot of the miserable pallet, and wept in an agony of mind that exceeded in bitterness all she had ever suffered.

"Roused by the violent distress of Ellen, the unhappy creature sat up in the bed, and asked, 'why she wept?' though without looking at her, or seeming to care for an answer.

"Oh God!" cried Ellen, 'she does not

know me—her senses are bewildered;' then turning towards her, she said, in a more quiet tone, 'Dearest Sophia, do you not know me? Not remember your affectionate Ellen?'

"Mrs. Dundas, the deserted daughter—the wretched wife—suddenly seized the arm of Ellen; and fixing her sunken eyes on her face, a ray of recollection seemed to dart into her mind, for, uttering a faint scream of joy, she instantly fell back upon her pillow insensible."

We are given to understand that this is Miss Moore's first production. We wish her every success in her literary pursuits, and hope, at no very distant interval, to hail her second appearance before the public.

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Annals, or Motive Hunting,\** does not come up to the modern standard of novel writing. It is far off in the Richardson class; and we shrewdly suspect that if fame be the motive for publishing, the hunt must be unsuccessful.

*The Bachelor's Wife,*† married to the name of John Galt, is a union of which we cannot express our approbation. The high character of the Bridegroom is not only known in the Annals of the Parish, but throughout the whole world of letters; and we do not like to see him in the same sheets with such a made-up bride. Without being Spawwives, we will venture to prophesy that this is not the way to succeed to the Ayrshire Legatees, though the Entail were ever so close; and if he dares lend himself to so unfair a match again, he should be given over to the Provost for punishment. But as a worthy old writer, one William Shakespeare, says,

"The name of Cassius honours this corruption, And Chastisement doth therefore hide its head."

*The Englishman's Library‡* is, no doubt, a copious title for a book, though it does contain 394 pages. The present is however not undeserving of the name, for it is patriotic and well meant, being a selection from a slight periodical called "The Plain Englishman," which lasted three years, and was the predecessor of all the twopenny and threepenny ephemera now engendered by the prolific press. It is much to its credit, and to the honour of the class to which it belongs, that among the whole number we are not acquainted with one the tendency of which is not to amuse and instruct. This, by the by, is a curious fact, and says as much for the spirit of the times as any moral phenomenon which could be stated. The day for inflammatory and pernicious publication has passed away: except two or three petty manufactories steeped in poverty and struggling for existence, instead of the vile trash which only inculcated false principles, and debauched the minds of the less informed with miserable discontent, we now see tens of thousands of these agreeable selections, which not only entertain in themselves, but generate a taste and feeling among the people for still higher literary gratifications.

*Hurstwood, a Tale of the Year 1715,*§ might perhaps as well have been confined to the century to which it fairly pertains.

Our writers of novels and romances have of late years stood in a kind of awe, not unmixed with envy, of the eminent person who without their leave has taken the lead among

\* 3 vols. Carpenter & Son. + 1 vol. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd. ‡ 12mo. London, C. Knight. § 3 vols. Longman & Co.

them;—they seem to regard the Great Unknown as a patentee for supplying the nation with those commodities; and while they only execrate him as a monopolist, they pursue their vocation under a degree of restraint similar to that which is usually imposed by the dread of an injunction. What right the present author had to commit a breach thereof, does not seem clear to our Chancery Court of Literature; and we pronounce against him accordingly. Rule refused.

*The Spanish Daughter*,\* a Tale, by the Rev. G. Butt, &c. is, we are sorry to report, unlikely to make us turn from censure into praise. The author, we believe, is beyond the reach of criticism, and his work has no claim to its favours.

*Zoe*,† though a poor affair, is, we think, a tale of promise. It is evidently the production of a youthful student, warm in his admiration of classic literature, and prone to literary pursuits. Therefore, though his first attempt is very so on, there seems to be foundation for improvement; and Scotch callants ken that

"Aft a ragged couth's ben known  
To mak a noble aiver."

*Shober's World in Miniature*‡ has lately placed Japan before the public; and though only in one little volume, in as complete and judicious a manner as we ever saw an epitome attain. This publication is indeed deserving of great encouragement. It comprises a very general fund of information respecting the several nations of the earth, as they come to be passed in review. It is of a neat form, and neatly ornamented; in short, a very excellent book for youth.

A second edition of *Adam Blair* has recently appeared, and we are glad to remark that this, the most nervous and pathetic of the class of northern publications to which it belongs, has been much improved by the author's hand.

We have just had time to skim *Mathew Wald*, by the Same. It seems a remarkable tale, mixing up insanity with reasonable action. There is also a mingling of the ghastly-descriptive, now so much in vogue, many vigorous passages, and towards the conclusion some very powerful writing.

\* 2 vols. London. M. A. Natali.

† Edinburgh, 1 small vol. Constable & Co.

‡ R. Ackermann.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE. LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, April 9, 1824.

SINCE M. Lemerrier has retrenched and retouched his *Jane Shore*, it has obtained a popularity which will not be ephemeral, but permanent, at least as long as Talma and Duchesnois shall continue the parts of Jane and Gloucester.

The second *Jane Shore* is certainly *Jane* the 2d, for it is brought out at the second Théâtre Français, and for the benefit of M<sup>lle</sup> Georges. It follows *pas à pas* the plan of Rowe; and though the style is elegant and the poetry correct, it is very feeble. The Theatre is closed for the moment, and perhaps the moment will be long enough to allow the author, M. Liadières, also to retouch. The second Français au Odeon is to re-open on the 25th with a new charter and a new administration, and tragedy, comedy, and comic opera.

The *Masquerade des Artistes*, by M. Scribe, attracts artists, would-be artists, and *jeunes gens*, in abundance to the Gymnase Dramatique. It is a picture of all the difficulties of

the *carrière*, but got up in an amusing style. Many a poor starving poet and painter goes to the Gymnase to laugh at his own misery, and returns to his *mansarde au sixieme*, his fireless hearth and empty cupboard, and shirtless *malle*, to sigh over the real wants, at which he laughed most gaily with the happy-looking crowd. Strange people that we are!

From this little piece of fun we may turn to something altogether as dull. It is on a much larger stage, even that of the Académie Royale de Musique. A *lourde et ennuyeuse* imitation of M. D'Arleincourt's *Ipsiboi*, nothing can be more stupid than this Opera, in spite of its magic decorations and lively ballets. The administrators have been at an enormous expense to get up this nullity; and foreseeing their certain failure, they endeavoured to prevent it by an extraordinary measure. To each of the journalists employed to make articles on the Theatre, they sent a cup, either in gold, enamel, or bronze, according to the importance of the party. One indiscret showed his cup to his friend, who described to his friends what he had seen. *Bref*, the story became a public tale, and furnished many a peal of laughter for the *salons*. The administrators did any thing but laugh when they heard the mirthful bursts on every side; and when they received from some journalists, as yet unsold, (there are still some,) their cups, with letters, of which you may imagine the contents, (another lesson not to judge by appearances,) the mirth of the Gymnase subsided in more acute sense of suffering. The gravity of the Académie has furnished many a hearty laugh to the dull parties of the *salons*.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EGYPT.—POISONS, ETC.

Extract of a Letter from Dr. Ehrenberg, written 27th Nov. 1821, from his Tent, near Eh Suan, the last Town on the Southern Frontier of Egypt, and addressed to Dr. Koreff.

WE send you a few lines to apprise you of our progress and researches. The opportunity which offers of conveying letters to Cairo is too sudden to allow us to transmit to His Excellency the Prince Grand-Chancellor our third report. Our first memoirs left Cairo on the 30th March, and were to go by the way of Alexandria and Leghorn. We hope to be able on our arrival at Dongola to fulfil the honourable duty imposed on us, of making His Excellency regularly acquainted with the principal events of our travels. I suppress the circumstances which have hitherto rendered our residence in Egypt very disagreeable. Our greatest enemies have been, to me a very violent nervous fever, and to both of us ophthalmic attacks, which have lasted for several months. Nevertheless, although two of our companions are dead, and three others who supplied their places have lost courage and quitted us, we preserve our firmness, and advance with prudence. As above all things you recommended to us to examine into the poisons known in Egypt, we have already dried the leaves of the venomous plants most known in this country. We have carefully collected in flasks the juice of such of those plants as are milky. We have also obtained some yellowish green juice extracted from the teeth of the Cerastes, (horned snake,) and have begun to preserve some scorpions' fangs, as well as the vessels which serve as a receptacle for the poison. Of scorpions we have hitherto met with only eight kinds: five in the desert of Libya, and near Alexandria, the

largest on the frontiers of Barbary, near Gasi Choltrebie; and three between Cairo and Essian. All these scorpions are yellow, tending to a blackish brown; and we have had abundant opportunities of examining them. Those which are found in the higher Egypt are considered the most venomous; and as that which we have distinguished by the name of Scorpio Cahirismus is the largest and the most common, it is probable that all the others are derived from it. A Frenchman, M. Ruffean, or Rousseau, who employs himself in looking for Egyptian antiquities, and in copying objects of natural history, at Luxos, near Thebes, told us that one of his young female blacks had just died in the most severe pain, in consequence of the sting of a scorpion; and that he had known several other occurrences of a similar nature within a very short period of time. I myself, who had with great caution taken above a hundred of these animals in my hands, was lately stung in the finger by one of them. At the moment of the puncture I experienced a penetrating pain, which staggered me like an electric shock. Although I did not neglect to suck the wound with force until the appearance of blood, the feeling of pain became still more intense in the course of a few minutes. I bound the finger tightly up. The pain, which still continued, extended itself by degrees to the hand, and afterwards to the elbow, and to the interior part of the arm, and resembled a kind of cramp. At the end of an hour I experienced this severe pain only in the neighbourhood of the wound, the lips of which began to swell. At the end of three hours, all that remained was a sensation of numbness in the finger, which went off on the following day. I do not know whether an inclination to sleep that I experienced in the evening was attributable to the wound, or to a catarrh which had shown itself. We were witnesses of another occurrence of the same nature at the village of Saouim, in the province of Tajum. One evening the Kaimakahn entered our apartment, crying out and entreating help. He had been stung by a venomous animal, and was suffering great pain. Dr. Hemprich made, at the wounded place of the finger, an incision, which bled copiously, and then bound the finger up. The next day the injured man found himself completely healed. Our search for the scorpion by which he was stung was fruitless. It appears that in general the sting of the scorpion is more dangerous to children than to grown persons. When the Arabs meet snakes or scorpions, they hold them down with a stick or some other instrument, and break their fangs with stones or a knife. We never saw a venomous animal in the hands of an Arab which was not mutilated; and therefore when the snake-swallowers, or other Arabs, have brought us these animals, we have seldom preserved them in spirits of wine. We are at present busy in collecting details with respect to these various subjects.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

On the Languages and History of Asia. Asia Polyglotta. By Julius Klaproth. 1 vol. 4to. with an Atlas of Languages (Sprachatlas) in folio. Paris, 1822.

LEIBNITZ was the first who held that nothing was better calculated to determine the affinity and the origin of the various nations of the earth, than a comparison of their languages. The researches of this nature, which had been

made before him, being either directed to objects too confined in their nature, or undertaken for the sake of a system, had produced only partial and unsatisfactory results. But since the attention of the learned has been called to comparisons of this kind, it may be affirmed that it has contributed more than any other to fix our ideas respecting the descent of nations, the diffusion of the several families in Europe and Asia, and the degrees of their consanguinity. It is thus we have obtained the assurance, with the degree of certainty desirable in these matters, of the mixture of the races which have blended together to form most modern nations: it is by this process also, that we have recognised the community of origin of tribes now separated by prodigious distances. Lastly, it is by the combination of a great number of special labours of this description, that we have been enabled to have a nearly complete genealogical table of the families that have peopled the greatest part of the ancient continent.

It was not till the middle of the last century, that any correct notion was formed of the principles to be laid down in the study of comparative philology, and there was, besides, a deficiency of materials for such researches. It is only thirty-five years since the publication of Pallas's Comparative Vocabulary of the European and Asiatic dialects, which he caused to be printed at the special desire of the Empress Catherine II. This was presumed to be a most excellent and distinguished work, not only because the august patroness of the undertaking had herself proposed most of the words to be compared, but had ordered them to be translated into all the languages in her power. But Pallas had undertaken the task *invita Minerva*, and the execution by no means corresponds with the great expectations that were formed of it. The work is full, not only of orthographical mistakes and oversights in composition, but of incorrectness of all kinds. In well known languages, such as the *Persian* and *Arabic*, almost half of the words quoted are incorrectly read or spelt. The same is the case with the *Armenian*; and the *Georgian* (which Pallas calls *Kartalinian*) is so badly done, that scarcely a single word has its true orthography. The language of *Mingrelia* is introduced by the name of *Imeretian*; and under the article *Celtic* we find a totally unserviceable mixture of the most different radical words of the languages of western Europe. All these defects, however, might have been avoided even in the time of Pallas. It is different with the *Indian* languages, with which we have since become more accurately acquainted, and the specimens of which, in the Vocabulary, were necessarily extremely defective; yet the compilers ought not to have placed the *Corean* among the *Indian* dialects, where it is not to be sought either geographically or philologically.

The defects of the work of Pallas do not consist merely in its incompleteness, or the faulty orthography of foreign words, but also in the inconceivable carelessness with which it is compiled. One example may suffice: the whole, as the reader knows, is founded on Russian words. Now in Russian, light and world are expressed by the same word, viz. *sviet*. But in Pallas we find under light, *Arabic galim*, (instead of *aalem*); *Tartarian in Kasan, dunia*; *Nogay, dunia*; *Bucharian, dahihen*, (*Persian*); *Chiwan, dunia, donia*; *Armenian, aschchar* (instead of *aschchash*). But all these words signify world, and not light.

Still more strangely are *Mantchou, ningun atshan*; and *Chinese tjia-che*, chosen for *light*; both are compound words, and signify the six conjunctions, viz. east, west, south, north, zenith and nadir. But by this expression the world is designated. And these blunders could be committed thirty-five years ago at St. Petersburg, where there were interpreters who had studied in China, such as *Leontiew* and *Agafonow*.

With such errors, the comparative Vocabulary of Pallas is especially unserviceable, because the languages are not arranged either geographically or according to their affinity. Thus the *Persian* is placed between the *Ostiak* and *Semitic* dialects, and the *Zend*, or old *Persian*, with the *Pehlavi*, ninety numbers farther after the *Hindustanee*; the *German* and *Indian*, which are so nearly related, are 137 numbers distant from each other. The languages of the Caucasus are likewise separated from each other, and the *Mantchou* follows the *Japanese* and *Kurile*, instead of being, where it ought to be, among the *Tungurian* dialects.

Besides these faults in the compilation, the utility of the work is still farther limited by the adoption into it of numerous words which are quite unfit for comparing languages. Among the parts of the body, *eye-lashes*, *eye-lids*, should not be named, being expressed in most languages by compound words. Abstract notions of the senses, such as *hearing*, *sight*, *smell*, *taste*, *feeling*, are also exceptionable; *voice*, *cry*, *howling*, *word*, are far too defined modifications of *sound*, to be sufficiently useful for the end proposed. The same may be said of the words *pains*, *labour*, *vigour*, *power*, *shape*, *misery*, *laziness*, *unanimity*, &c. *Marriage*, *wine*, *plough*, *harrow*, *boundary*, *measure*, &c. are, besides, things with which man was not acquainted in the rude state of nature, to which, however, especial regard should be paid in the comparison of languages. The work published by Pallas is, therefore, to be consulted only with great caution, and by persons really versed in that department of knowledge, because they alone are able to distinguish what is useful in it, and separate what ought to be rejected.

Twenty years after the Comparative Vocabulary, the first volume of Mithridates, by J. Ch. Adelung, was published, and attracted general attention, both from the name of the author and the new manner in which he treated the subject. This first volume is unquestionably a most remarkable undertaking, though in the execution, faults of every kind were inevitable. It is particularly to be lamented that the excellent author did not select a better specimen than the Lord's Prayer, and that on the whole we find little in his book of the comparison of languages; whereas the literature of philology, and many subordinate matters, are discussed at length. Adelung's age partly excuses the defects, but not the mistakes, which he could easily have avoided if he had given his MS. to an amanuensis to correct carefully before he sent it to press. This task, however, was performed by his nephew at St. Petersburg, after the publication of the work, and is to be found in the supplements which are annexed to the fourth volume of the Mithridates.

Adelung had completed only the first and part of the second volume of Mithridates, when he was carried off by death; the work has undoubtedly gained by this, for it was put into the hands of the learned Dr. J. S.

Vater, then at Königsberg, and now at Halle, who was peculiarly qualified for its completion. Though tied down and confined in the task by the faulty plan of Adelung, it is impossible not to recognise the hand of a master.

The Asiatic part of the Mithridates, therefore, as not being the work of Vater, is the most imperfect. It does not fulfil the proper object of comparative philology, because, as we have above observed, the Lord's Prayer is the most unfortunate choice that could have been made for the purpose. This reason seems especially to have induced M. Klaproth to compose a distinct work on the Asiatic languages under the title of *Asia Polyglotta*, which commences a new era in the study of languages as compared with each other. It is distinguished not only by novelty, by the abundance of hitherto unknown geographical and ethnographical information, and by a most copious and laborious comparison of most of the Asiatic languages with each other, but more especially by the great perspicuity of the style, in which respect Germany possesses few similar works. The author, who has long directed his chief study to the Chinese, the Mantchou, the Mongol, and the Turkish dialects of the interior of Asia, has had the best opportunities, in his travels, of making himself acquainted with a great part of the nations of Asia. He was, therefore, better qualified than any other for the composition of such a work, of which we will in another Number attempt to give a general view.

CAMBRIDGE, April 16.—There will be Congregations on the following days of the ensuing Easter Term:

Wednesday, April 28, May 5, 12, and 19, at eleven; Friday, June 11, (Stat.) B.D. Com. at ten; Saturday, July 3, and Monday, July 5, at eleven.

#### FINE ARTS. SCULPTURES

##### *Of the Temples of Selinuntium.*

Palermo, Dec. 20, 1823.

I HASTEN to give you an account of a discovery which will make an important era in the history of the Antiquities of this country, and prove a great addition to our knowledge of Ancient Greek and Sicilian Art.

Two English architects, William Harry\* and Samuel Hangell,\* undertook last summer to make excavations in the ruins of the celebrated Temples of Selinuntium, and they were rewarded for their trouble by the discovery of a great many works of sculpture, architectural fragments, and painted ornaments. One of these artists died at Selinuntium, of a fever caused by the heat, exertion, and bad air; and as soon as the government was informed of the success of the excavations, it took possession of all the works that were found. When brought here, the fragments were added to the little collection of the University, where there is also a part of the antiques previously obtained from the ruins of Tyndaris, by Mr. Faghan\* (an Englishman.)

As I had already heard, both at Rome and Naples, of these Selinuntian sculptures, I hastened, on my arrival here, to visit them, and will give you a short description, which I shall perhaps be able to render more complete when I shall have seen and examined the ruins where they were found.

The works belong to the remains of two Doric Temples, one of which is within the citadel, or acropolis; and the other without, at a place now called i Pilori.

\* Quære the orthography of these names.—Ed.

Besides a great number of small fragments, such as hands, feet, pieces of drapery, and four heads, three bas-reliefs have been found, which are presumed to be Metopes. All these works are of a pretty compact limestone, or Tuffa, which has however suffered considerably in many places from the influence of the atmosphere. The style is that of the old Greek School; and though I will not here venture to determine accurately the time or place, they evidently have a considerable resemblance to the celebrated *Ægina* Statues. The workmanship however is far more rude, the attitudes much more unnatural, and the forms much more conventional.

Of the three Metopes, as they are called, two are so far preserved, that no doubt remains, on the whole, as to their original measure and form. The third, however, appears to have been brought to the same size and shape by repairing. The two Metopes are flat, but have above and below a square plate; the lower one upon which the figure stands belongs to the architrave, and the upper to the cornice. The lower band (plate) is 9½ inches high, the metope 3 feet 8½ inches, and the upper band about 8 inches high; the projection of the band on which the figures stand is about 6 inches. This first piece contains three figures, which undoubtedly represent *Hercules Melampyges*, which is the middle figure, and *Pasalus* and *Alkmon*, the two sons of *Thia*. The hero, whose figure is about 3 feet and a half high, of a robust make, and with the legs quite detached, stands, as I said, in the middle, with the upper part of the body turned to the spectator, but the legs and thighs quite in profile, so that the feet are placed one before the other in a parallel direction. The head has a smiling affected expression, particularly in the mouth; has no beard; and the one eye which is still preserved seems to be shut, or at least to be but very little open. The hair is regularly curled on the forehead. The body, in which a prodigious fulness of the parts which give the hero his epithet, is observable, and in which it agrees with the figures on the ancient Sicilian vases, appears to be quite naked, and we see only the short sword hanging across the back, while the belt is merely indicated by a stripe over the breast, painted red. He has one hand upon his breast, and with the other holds one of the side figures. These hang down perfectly alike and regular on the right and left, with bent knees, and hands crossed upon the breast. The arm of *Hercules* is thrown round the one on the left, so that the hand above the knees is less visible; the right hand figure, however, has only the heel on the shoulder of the hero, but we do not see the lance, which, according to the narrative of *Tzetzes*, keeps it balanced. The heads are very ill formed, and besides much injured by the effects of the air. The hair is not so regularly curled, and three braids hang on each side of the head. Both figures are likewise quite naked, only bands, or fetters, are to be seen above the instep and above the knees. Though in all these figures there is no trace of character, properly so called, of beauty of form or of expression, yet we remark the rude beginnings of that style, the strict and consequent development of which was to lead Grecian art to the highest summit of perfection, together with the regular, and as it were architectural, disposition of the works of sculpture, which serve as ornaments to buildings.

The second Metope represents *Persous*, who

is cutting off the head of *Medusa*, in which he is assisted by *Minerva*. The hero of *Mycene* is also in the middle of the piece: the head and the upper part of the body fronting the spectator, and the lower part in profile. On his head he has the winged hat upon regular hair. The expression of the countenance is also that of a peculiar smile, and the eyes are entirely closed, as the action requires. The armour is not to be observed, but from the middle of the body down towards the knees hangs a regularly plaited piece of drapery. On the legs are the shin pieces, which however end much below the knee, and join the covering of the feet. With his left hand he seizes *Medusa* by the hair of the crown, and with the right he holds a short sword, with which he cuts off her head. She kneels with the right leg, and rests the left in a bent position on the ground. The upper part of the body, here too, is quite turned to the front, and the lower part in profile.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES WRITTEN BY THE SEA-SIDE.

One evening as the Sun went down,  
Gilding the mountains bare and brown,  
I wander'd on the shore;  
And such a blaze o'er ocean spread,  
And beauty on the meek earth shed,  
I never saw before.  
I was not lonely—dwellings fair  
Were scatter'd round and shining there;—  
Gay groups were on the green,  
Of children, wild with tuncless glee,  
And parents that could child-like be  
With them and in that scene.  
And on the sea, that look'd of gold,  
Each toy-like skiff and vessel bold  
Glided, and yet seem'd still;  
While sounds rose in the quiet air,  
That, mingling, made sweet music there,  
Surpassing minstrel's skill:  
The breezy murmur from the shore—  
Joy's laugh re-echoed o'er and o'er  
Alike by sire and child;—  
The whistle shrill—the broken song—  
The far off flute-notes lingering long—  
The lark's strain, rich and wild.  
I look'd—I listened—and the spell  
Of music and of beauty fell  
So radiant on my heart,  
That scarcely durst I *real* deem  
What yet I would not own a dream,  
Lest, dream-like, it depart!  
'Twas sunset in the world around—  
And looking inwards, so I found  
'Twas sunset in the soul;  
Nor grief, nor mirth, was burning there,  
But musings sweet and visions fair  
In placid beauty stole.  
But moods like these, the human mind,  
Tho' seeking oft, may seldom find,  
Nor, finding, force to stay—  
As dews upon the drooping flower,  
That having shone their little hour,  
Dry up—or fall away.  
But though all pleasures take their flight,  
Yet some will leave memorials bright,  
For many an after year;  
This sunset, that dull night will shade—  
These visions, which must quickly fade—  
Will half-immortal memory braid  
For me, when far from here!

J.

#### THE SKYLARK.

When day's bright banner, first unfurl'd,  
From darkness frees the shrouded world,  
The Skylark, singing as he soars,  
On the fresh air his carol pours,  
But tho' to heav'n he wings his flight,  
As if he lov'd those realms of light,

He still returns with weary wing  
On earth to end his wandering.

Aspiring bird! in thee I find  
An emblem of the youthful mind,  
Whose earliest voice, like thine, is giv'n  
To notes of joy that mount to heav'n;  
But, fetter'd by the toils of life,  
Its sordid cares, its bitter strife—  
It feels its noble efforts vain,  
And sadly sinks to earth again.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### Traditions of The Western Highlands.

No. VII.

ALLAN NA SOHP.

This notable person was the youngest son of *Lachlan Maclean*, of *Duart*, and was born about the beginning of the 16th century. He distinguished himself for courage and activity at an early age; and as his father had made no provision for him, he resolved to avail himself of the means then too often resorted to in that country by soldiers of fortune for acquiring an independency, that is, seizing on the property of the most defenceless.

A gentleman of his own name and family, who was possessed of a considerable estate in *Mull*, was then far very advanced in life, and *Allan* paid him a visit. The young adventurer had not been received with all the courtesy that he expected, but of this he took no notice at the time. He consulted the old man as to the most advisable way of improving his fortune; and the advice he received was indeed very discreditable to the giver. His neighbour *Mac Quarie*, of *Ulva*, was then old, and had no children; the other advised *Allan* to put him to death and seize on his property. It seems that *Allan* had once been treated by *Mac Quarie* with great kindness when he stood in much need of it, and he declared his abhorrence of this base counsel. But he was not satisfied alone with expressing these sentiments,—he retaliated on his ungenerous host his own perfidious advice; despatched him, and took possession of his lands. It were well if he had been satisfied with this usurpation, but that was by no means the case; he afterwards became a very troublesome man, and the greatest freebooter of that age and country. He was well known over the west of Scotland and the north of Ireland under the appellation of *Allan na Sohp* (or of the Wisp,) which he obtained from the frequent use he made of straw in setting fire to houses and barn-yards in his marauding expeditions.

He was a man of considerable ability and of much address. Notwithstanding his numerous acts of violence, he contrived means to acquire very extensive landed estates, and procured charters or gifts of non-entries of more than one of them from the reigning princes. In some of these, which we have seen, dated 1539, he is designated "of *Gigha* and *Tarbert*."

His favourite residence was the castle of *Tarbert*, still standing, on the shore of the bay of that name, which cuts deep into the isthmus that connects the great peninsula of *Kintyre* with *Knapdale*, in *Argyleshire*. This was a station indeed admirably adapted to his purpose, for in an October night, with moonlight, he would make a descent on the fertile district of lower *Cowal*, or the island of *Bute* and the adjacent islands to the east, and return to his stronghold before day-light.

Or he could extend his depredations to Ilay, on the west, with the same advantages. Ireland was also very convenient to him. He had, besides, the command of the communication between the two seas, which for open boats was then, and still in some degree continues to be carried on, by dragging them across the narrow neck of Tarbert, a distance not more than four hundred yards. There is no doubt that Allan made good use of this favourable situation.

He even directed his course to the vicinity of Rothsay (the capital of Bute, and a royal residence,) for the purpose of carrying away cattle; and the sheriff of the island having had intelligence of his arrival, he collected some men for the purpose of protecting the property of the people. It was in October, the time generally selected for such purposes, and the women and children followed the Bute men at some distance. Several shots were fired, and the women found some dead bodies among the corn. They supposed them to be those of the plunderers, and they were very liberal in praise of the sheriff's warlike exploits; but unfortunately, on procuring light, they turned out to be the bodies of their friends. Some of Allan's party lay concealed, and heard the remarks, which are still repeated in Mull in ridicule of the corrupt dialect spoken in Bute, and the disappointment of the poor women.

He extended his depredations sometimes to a much greater distance; and we find that Abercromby, in his *Martial Achievements of the Scots*, states that a hero who is there styled "Allan Maclean the robber," in company with another person, of whom we have lately given an account under the designation of Murdoch Gair, had made an irruption into the lands of the Colquhouns, and others on the banks of Lochlomond, where they are stated to have done much mischief "with their reef and sorners." Murdoch is surnamed Gibson, because in the provincial dialect of that district of Dumbartonshire the word *Gair*, which signifies short, active, or snug, is converted into the word *Gibboch*, and this Abercromby very naturally conceived to mean Gibson. Allan and his associates had very easy access to Lochlomond, by dragging their boats across the low isthmus from Archar to the Lake, and they could attack any part of the country around that beautiful and extensive sheet of water at pleasure. Tradition says that these two powerful marauders left sad memorials of their visit on this expedition, and that they deprived of their ears more than one laird. It is worthy of remark that Haco, king of Norway, in his expedition to Scotland in 1263, sent a division of his forces by this route to ravage the same country.

Maclean, of Coll, had often been known to express high disapprobation of the conduct of Allan na Sohph; and Allan, who frequently resided on his estate in Mull, was determined to have his revenge. Coll was very studious, and was in the habit of retiring frequently in the evenings to walk in a solitary place near the sea, for contemplation. Allan had information of this, and took his measures accordingly. He very easily got the laird into his hands, and having bound him with a rope, he conveyed him to his boat. He set sail for the south, and it may be conceived that the prisoner did not feel much at ease in the power of such a man. Coll was a poet, and he made the best use he could of his talents. Under circumstances certainly not favourable to the Muses, he made shift to compose Allan na

Sohph's March, which is still preserved. He sang it with the best grace his situation would permit; and the stern heart of the marauder was not proof against the charms of music and verse united. He released the captive laird, and after advising him to speak of him with more respect thereafter, he returned to the island of Coll, and landed his prisoner in safety where he had found him.

When Allan advanced in years he was not so often employed in acquiring booty, and some of his followers were by no means pleased with the change in his habits. One day at dinner one of his associates had some trouble in picking a rib of beef, and he remarked that times were indeed altered when Allan's house was so scantily supplied with that article. The landlord heard the remark, and was determined to show that his vigour had not decreased. He ordered all his people to attend him, and proceeded to the river Clyde, where he penetrated as far as Erskine ferry, near Renfrew. He carried off cattle and levied contributions to a large amount, and returned home in triumph. This was the richest *creach* or *hersh*ip he had ever made; and it was afterwards denominated *Creach an Aisne*, after the rib, from which it originated.

Allan na Sohph died in peace at an old age; and having made the best compromise in his power with the holy Church for as speedy an escape from purgatory as circumstances would admit, he was buried with his ancestors in the sacred cemetery of Saint Oran, in Iona. He left one son, but he was not permitted to become so celebrated as his father. He was accused of having conspired against his chief, and was put to death for that crime at an early age, and without children. His estate of Torloisk reverted to his chief, as superior. Allan had a daughter, who was married to the son of his friend Murdoch Gair, of Lochbuoy.

The late General Allan Maclean, who was so much distinguished for the gallant defence of Quebec when it was attacked by Arnold, was in the Gaelic language denominated Allan na Sohph, and has, with singular absurdity, been already confounded by some with the former.

The General's father possessed the same estate, and resided in the same place, but there was no other connexion between them; and the appellation was fancifully bestowed on him when a boy, in consequence of his name, and the courage and activity he showed. But in other respects no two characters were more unlike.

#### SIGHTS OF LONDON, ETC. No. VI.

"SEEING is believing," and upon my conscience, unless I had seen the Sicilian Dwarf with my own eyes, I could not have credited so extraordinary a variety in human nature. This creature is a female, and of the name of Crachami; a Sicilian by birth, and now within a few months of being ten years old. But it is impossible to describe the miracle of her appearance, or its effect upon the mind. To see rationality, sportiveness, intelligence, all the faculties of humanity, in a being so inconceivably below the standard at which we have ever witnessed them, so overturns all previous impressions, that, even with the fact before us, we doubt the evidence of our own senses. A tolerable sized doll, acting and speaking, would not astonish us so much—for nature is, in this instance, far more wonderful than art could be. Only imagine a creature about half as large as a new-born

infant; perfect in all parts and lineaments, uttering words in a strange unearthly voice, understanding what you say, and replying to your questions: imagine, I say, this figure of about nineteen inches in height and five pounds in weight,—and you have some idea of this most extraordinary phenomenon. And the more you look, the more you reflect,—the more incredible it appears that this can be real. But true it is: here is the fairy of your superstition in actual life; here is the pigmy of ancient mythology brought down to your own day. The expression of her countenance varies with whatever affects her mind (for, on my faith, there is a mind and soul in this diminutive frame!); her beautiful tiny hand (for the fore-finger of which, the ring of a very small shirt button would be much too wide a round) has all the motions and graces which are found in the same member of a lovely woman; she laughs, she threatens, she displays her fondness for finery, she likes her drop of wine, she shows her displeasure, she chooses and rejects; in fine, she is as perfect as a common child of the same age. Her walk is rather tottering, and her voice (as I have said) very remarkable. Her general appearance is not unpleasing, though there is a little of the simia in the form of the features: her health is good, and her body, limbs, &c. are complete.

I shall visit her again and again, for she is to me the wonder of wonders. I took her up, caressed, and saluted her; and it was most laughable to see her resent the latter freedom, wiping her cheek, and expressing her dislike of the rough chin. But her great antipathy is to Doctors; these have offended her by examining her too minutely, and whenever they are mentioned she doubles her filbert of a fist, and manifests her decided displeasure. Of her trinkets she seems very proud, taking off her ring to show it, and pointing to her ear-rings, with the joyous exclamation of "Very pretty,"—for she has already learnt a little English. But, go and see her, or you never can conceive the true meaning of Milton's phrase—

"Minim of nature."

Tuesday. Dined with the new Society of British Artists, at their fine rooms in Suffolk-street, where their pictures for the forthcoming Exhibition were displayed, and a numerous company partook of their first public entertainment. The circumstances were not the most convenient for observation; but I was surprised at what had been effected within the short space which had elapsed since I looked into the Gallery. Then the walls were being papered; now they were covered with a well arranged and pleasing collection of seven hundred works of art. Among these, I noticed *The Widow*, by Richter, an admirable piece; and I would almost say (not forgetting the excellence of former productions) his chef-d'œuvre. Heaphy has a *Game at Put*, also one of his best pictures. Rippingille, a law court "Cross Examining a Witness" in a horse case, replete with character and talent. Belonging to another class of Art, Martin has a noble work, "*The Seventh Plague in Egypt*"—it is grandly conceived. Haydon has a mythological picture of great genius, *Silenus drunk*, lecturing *Bacchus and Ariadne*—There are parts of it above all praise; but it is unequal, and the colouring, I think, extravagant. Linton has a surpassing Landscape—Glover and Holland shine in the same department. London.

dale is the chief, and a capital contributor of portraits. Altogether, it is an Exhibition possessing high interest.

**Ramas.**—When I mentioned the various Ramas, three weeks ago, I told you that the Peristrephe in Spring Gardens was not in operation at the hour I went; but I have since seen it, and found it good. Waterloo is the chief subject, which had the panoramist produced some four or five years ago, he would have been well paid for his pains, (he may be so still,) although there have been so many daubs of this national "set-to," that people (as we heard one man six feet high say) would now almost as soon wish to be in such a battle itself, as to visit representations of it. In the Peristrephe there are twelve or so Views, distinct, and so well managed as to transport one, in rather a limited time for the distance, from being cut down by the cuirassiers, getting our heads broken with the Brunswickers, or being blown up with the baggage-wagons. Everybody knows what took place at Waterloo, and any body may see it at Spring Gardens, in pit, boxes, or gallery, if they please, from the first bang to the last blow, without the least danger of being shot or tired. I was well pleased with the sight, and recommend it as worthy of the public patronage.

#### DRAMA.

##### DRURY LANE.

ON Saturday, according to annual custom, the Stage Managers of the two great Theatres took their respective Benefits. At this House the Play was *The Stranger*, in which Mr. Kean made his second appearance as the hero of the piece. That his efforts should not have been successful, or rather that he should have made a complete failure in the part, will excite little surprise. The character is of all others the least suited to his particular style of acting. There are no violent starts of passion—no sudden bursts of grief—no biting sarcasm, for the display of his powers; but a stately coldness and formal reserve pervade the whole, ill suited to the fiery impetuosity that characterizes his performances, and the powerful energy by which they are always distinguished. Of Mrs. West's Mrs. Haller we are likewise compelled to give an unfavourable report: it wanted the refinement and delicacy of expression which the part requires, and an indescribable something which should make it clearly appear that although Mrs. Haller was then in a humble situation, yet that she was the wife and daughter of a nobleman, and had been accustomed to move in the first ranks of society. The rest of the performers, with the exception of Terry and Harley, seemed to have taken but little trouble with their parts, and walked through them with the most stoical indifference. The worst part of the business, however, was the manner in which the Play was dressed. Is the wardrobe really so deficient that it cannot furnish the *matériel* necessary for a German Play? Upon this occasion we had costumes belonging to almost all the different nations of Europe jumbled together as in a masquerade. To say nothing of the *Stranger* himself, of whose dress it would puzzle us to give an account,—the Count was an Italian; the Countess a Pole; the Steward an English Gentleman of the last century; the Baron an English hussar of the present; and the Countess's Waiting Woman a lady of the first brilliancy and fashion. Surely all this might and ought to be amended.

At the conclusion of the Play, some half dozen idiots in the Pit thought proper to call for Mr. Kean; but there did not seem to be a very good understanding between the parties, for no Mr. Kean made his appearance. The pittites, however, were determined to have him forward, and would not suffer the remainder of the performances to proceed until they had had their way. At last, after a delay of about twenty minutes, Mr. Kean complied with their wishes, and condescended to take leave of them. Quære—Would it not be much better for the quiet part of the audience, who take no interest in these matters, if this gentleman would make some definitive arrangement with his friends upon this point—either that they should desist altogether from calling for him; or, that when he does not appear within a certain time, they should understand it as a polite apology upon his part, and desist from further importunity? Owing to this, and another delay occasioned by waiting for Miss Stephens, who had been taken suddenly ill, and could not make her appearance, it was eleven o'clock before the commencement of *The Rival Soldiers*; after which another Farce of two long acts was to follow. At what hour the doors were finally closed, we have not learnt,—we hope in time for Sunday's church.

##### COVENT GARDEN.

At this Theatre, *Pride* shall have a Fall represented for Mr. Fawcett's Benefit; and we were happy to see that our old favourite was rewarded with a bumper.

#### POLITICS.

ALGERS has been officially declared to be in a state of blockade. Parliament has adjourned to the 3d of May, with every prospect of a short and easy session.

#### VARIETIES.

The Board of Longitude has voted the sum of 500*l.* to Mr. Peter Barlow, for his simple invention for correcting the local attraction of ships. It consists of a plate of iron abut the compass, which being regulated so as to correct the effects of the ship in any one place, does the same in all places. This mode of avoiding error must be of incalculable value to navigation.

*Vespers of Palermo.*—Mrs. Hemans' Play has been produced at Edinburgh, and played with much interest. "Pride shall Have a Fall" is about to be acted both at Edinburgh and Dublin.

Bishop, the Composer, has, we hear, been seduced from Covent Garden to Drury Lane, for which latter theatre he has engaged to manufacture the music next year.

The author of the new Opera from St. Roman's Well, is a Mr. Adair, not *Dare*, as stated in our last.

M. Romery, an able artist, is soon to exhibit a Panorama of Rio Janeiro. It is said that M. R. is a worthy successor in this *genre* of painting to our regretted Prevôt, who produced such an illusion by his Panorama of Athens.—*Paris Letter.*

M. Sgricci improvise, as he announced, before a numerous audience. He chose from among those given him the subject of Bianca Capello; and he performed with as much facility as talent. Unfortunately, it is buzzed about by some knowing travellers that he has *mystifié* his hearers, and had already improvise twice or thrice this same tragedy in Italy. *Id.*

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Bullock's Six Weeks in Mexico is nearly ready. Capt. King's Survey of parts of the Coast of Australia, in the *Mermaid*, is another of the books promised this season; and Major Gray's Travels in the Interior of Africa is expected about the same time.

An Appendix, in 4to. to Capt. Parry's Second Voyage, containing the Natural History, will speedily be published. Captain Lyon has also announced his private Journal.

Ponthieu, the Paris bookseller, has published a new romance with a most promising title—it is *Le Damié*!! M. Quatremère de Quincy is about to publish "A History of the Life and Works of Raffaele."

The Academy of the Fine Arts at Paris is printing at its own expense a "Collection of inedited Letters of Poussin," in which will be found many remarkable circumstances relative to his life, his works, the occasions on which they were made, the value he himself attached to them, &c.

The Duchess de Duras has consented to publish her *Quirke*, but the profits are to be given to the poor. They begin to enquire already whether M. Lavocat, who is to be the publisher, will be *L'Accot des pauvres*.

The *Memoires de Cambacères*, which may throw light on some of the most interesting portions of the history of modern France, are in the hands of M. Lavollée, his secretary, who is charged with their publication. *Reste à savoir*, how far M. Lavollée may be accessible on the subject of reclamations, suppressions, alterations, &c.

There has been on foot a project for a sort of French Edinburgh Review. The young *esprits* who lost the opportunity of figuring, &c. in the *Tablettes*, conceived this project in order to exhibit their wit and aid their pockets; but as there is an immense distance between the *bon mots* and *persiflage* of the *Tablettes*, and the crudition, argument, and eloquence of the Edinburgh and Quarterly, it is said that some *vieilles têtes* have recommended *l'ajournement* of the question, and in this way have spared the sensitive young gentlemen, and *étouffé* their project.—*Paris Letter.*

M. Charles Pougens has just published a little volume entitled *Jocko*, or Anecdotes, extracted from Letters, on the Instinct of Animals; from a Portuguese manuscript. *Jocko* is a being full of grace, gentle, amiable, disinterested in friendship, faithful, devoted. This said *Jocko* is not a man, but a monkey. The occasion of forming acquaintance with the author, the affection that unites them, their marvellous adventures, and the terrible catastrophe by which the beloved and revered *Jocko* perished, form the subjects of a series of pictures as amusing as the execution is elegant. If this history be entitled to any attention, there are not a few of our race who must admit that they are less amiable and less reasonable than *Jocko le Singe*.—*Id.*

#### LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

Memoirs of Captain Rock, written by himself, foolscap 8vo. 9s.—Bowring's Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Tennant's Tour on the Continent, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 5s.—Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle by the Author of the Sketch Book, 8vo. 3s.—History of Mathew Wald, by the Author of "Valerius," &c. post 8vo. 1*l.* 6d.—History of Ancient and Modern Wines, with Embellishments from the Antique, 4to. 2*l.* 2s.—Ditto ditto, with Vignettes on India paper, 3*l.* 3s.—East India Register for 1824, 8s. 6d.—Jamieson's Outline Atlas of the Heavens, 4to. 16s.—Transactions of the College of Physicians in Ireland, Vol. IV. 8vo. 14s.—Thomson's Seasons, by Williams, 12mo. 7s.—Milton's Poetical Works, by Williams, 2 vols. 18mo. 18s.—An Analysis of Paley's Evidences, 12mo. 4s.—Shepherd on the Service of the Church, 12mo. 5s.—Mansart's *La Littérature* on Morceaux choisies, 12mo. 5s.—Catullus, Tibullus, et Propertius, 48mo. 6s.—Cicero's Tusculan Disputations, 8vo. 8s.—Kennedy's Letter to Stanley on the Exportation of Machinery, 1s. 6d.

#### METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday..... 1	from 26 to 46	29.81 to 29.55
Friday..... 2	.... 33 — 45	29.09 — 29.69
Saturday..... 3	.... 29 — 48	29.89 — 29.98
Sunday..... 4	.... 40 — 51	30.01 — 30.23
Monday..... 5	.... 28 — 51	30.32 — 30.35
Tuesday..... 6	.... 34 — 49	29.34 — 29.35
Wednesday..... 7	.... 35 — 48	30.14 — 30.04
Rain fallen .45 of an inch.		
Thursday..... 8	from 33 to 51	30.16 to 30.12
Friday..... 9	.... 33 — 51	29.09 — 29.84
Saturday..... 10	.... 34 — 42	29.34 — 29.39
Sunday..... 11	.... 29 — 41	29.31 — stat.
Monday..... 12	.... 28 — 47	29.31 — 29.47
Tuesday..... 13	.... 28 — 56	29.54 — 29.71
Wednesday..... 14	.... 28 — 53	29.77 — 29.79

Wind variable from SW. to NE. A NE. wind prevailing. Alternately clear and cloudy; rain at times. As much snow on Saturday night and Sunday morning as has fallen here during the winter.—Rain fallen .375 of an inch.

Edmonton.

C. H. ADAMS.

## ADVERTISEMENT

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS** will open their Twentieth Exhibition, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall, on Monday, April 26th.

**SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.**—The Galleries for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists will open on Monday next the 19th instant. Admission is—Catalogue is—  
April 14th, 1854. W. LINTON, Secretary.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.**—The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening, and will be closed on Saturday next the 24th instant.—Admission is—Catalogue is—  
(By order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.  
An Exhibition of the Works of Ancient Masters.

**BILLINGTONIAN SYSTEM OF SINGING,** in Twelve Golden Rules. As an Addenda to the celebrated "Glenn," "Glorious Apollo's Reply," Dedicated to the Miss Orpheus. Non Apollinis magis verum.

Aquarello, or, *reponendo*—Tirreno. "Possuno le arti inglesi renderli presso che quanto le Italiane dolci armonie, in virtù di attenzione somma a porre sulle voci l'anfionia principale, e dipertendo quasi (abbene con certe interessanti espressioni) in maniera che non si pare in italiano e in contra."—Fide Sita Golden Rule, translated by the Savant Florentine Sign. Guida Sorelli, Professore di Letteratura Italiana, at 26, Piccadilly, London, Dean-street, Soho.—Price 2s.

**MR. TEGG** respectfully informs the Trade, that he has removed to most spacious Premises, erected by that celebrated architect Sir Christopher Wren, situated 77, CHAPIN, where will be more commodiously and with the utmost promptitude and correctness, all orders which may be intrusted to him, of whatever magnitude, and whether for home trade or for exportation.

N.B. A CATALOGUE just published.

**History of Insects.**—In two new Editions of Vols. I. & II. enlarged and improved, price 18s. each.

**AN INTRODUCTION TO ENTOMOLOGY,** or, Elements of the Natural History of Insects. By WM. KIRBY, M.A. F.R.S. & L.S. and WM. SPENCE, Esq. F.L.S. Illustrated by coloured Plates.

This Work is intended as a general and popular History of Insects, and contains an account of the injuries they occasion, including an account of those insects which cause diseases in the human frame, and of those which are noxious to the farmer and agriculturist. The benefits derived from them—their various kinds of food, and the means by which they procure it—a description of their habitations, &c.

The two remaining Volumes will be published this Season. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown.

**THE MYRIORAMA; or, many Thousand Views.** Designed by MR. CLARE. The Myriorama is a moveable Picture, consisting of numerous Cards, on which are vignettes of Landscapes, mostly coloured, and so ingeniously contrived that any two, or more, placed together, will form a pleasing View; or, if the whole are put on a table at once, will admit of the astonishing number of 80,000,000,000 variations.

It is therefore certain, that if a person were occupied night and day, making one change every minute, he could not finish the card in less than 29,538,429 years and 230 days. This ingenious production is adapted for the amusement of persons of a taste for Drawing; to furnish them with excellent subjects for imitation, and to supply an inexhaustible source of amusement. The Cards are fitted in an elegant box, and are sold by all Booksellers and Stationers.

**Stratford-upon-Avon Church.**—On the 1st May will be published, No. 4, containing 4 Views and a Vignette, representing

**THE BAPTISMAL FONT OF SHAKESPEARE,** with Historical Notices and Architectural Descriptions of that ancient and interesting Edifice, the Church at Stratford-upon-Avon, forming part of a Work now in progress, being original Views of the most interesting Collegiate and Parochial Churches in Great Britain, from Drawings by J. P. Neale, the Engravings by J. & H. Le Keux.—The Work is published in Monthly Parts, each containing Four highly-finished Views, price 4s. Royal 8vo., or four Copies are printed with Proof Impressions of the Plates on India Paper, Royal 4to. No. 12. Twelve Parts will form a Volume, and the whole will be completed in 6 Vols.

Contents of Numbers already published: No. 1. Three Views of Great Malvern Church, and a Monument.—No. 2. Two Views of Leominster Church; Exterior of Ingham Church, Norfolk; and a Monument.—No. 3. Two Views of Little Malvern Church; one of Witney Church; and one of All Saints Church, Epsom.

London: Published for the Proprietors, by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Co., Baldwin & Co., and Sherwood & Co. Paternoster-row. Harding & Co., and Stationers; and may be had of all the Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

**METROPOLITAN LITERARY JOURNAL.**

No. 1. of the New Monthly Work, price 2s. 6d. will be published May 1st.—While its primary objects will be the various Arts and Sciences, this Journal will also embrace much that relates to General Literature, and will be arranged under the following Heads: Original Communications on all subjects of Literature, Science, and Art (excluding Politics and Controversial Dirinity)—Analyses of New Publications (without Favouritism)—Various Domestic and Foreign; containing Literary Notices, Detached Facts in Science and the Arts, Detached Criticism, Literary Anecdotes, &c.—The Fine, and Mechanical Arts, Patents, &c.—Original Proceedings of Public Societies, chiefly of the Literary Institutions in the United Kingdom—Memoirs of Living Characters, Literary, &c.—Biography of Persons recently deceased.—Several Gentlemen connected with the Metropolitan Literary Institution have agreed to co-operate towards thus supplying what is still a desideratum in our periodical literature, in the prosecution of this object they promise rigid integrity, and on the fulfilment of this promise they rest their claims to public countenance and protection.

Communications to be addressed (post paid) to the Editor, 6, Chatham-place, or to Messrs. Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy, Paternoster-row.

**To Amateurs of the Fine Arts.**—The Engravings in Aquatinta of **THE LIBER VERITATIS** OF CLAUDE LORRAIN, by Sig. L. Caracciolo of Rome, being now finished, the Subscribers are requested to commission what is wanting to complete the Work, which they will be sold at the Subscription Price, along with a Portrait of Claude (gratis), and the continuation of the Catalogue enumerating the places where the originals are found.—This Work consists of Two Volumes, each containing 100 Prints.—The price is fixed at Five Louis per Vol. to Non-Subscribers.—To be had of Sig. Caracciolo, 107, Via del Babuino, Rome 1854.

**WILTSHIRE SOCIETY IN LONDON.**—The Eighth Public Meeting and Dinner of the Noblemen and Gentlemen connected with this laudable County Society will be held at the Albion, Aldersgate-street, on Tuesday May 11, 1854. Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, Bart. M.P. in the Chair.

Stewards: Joseph Everett, Esq. R. W. Eyles, Esq. Charles Gibbes, Esq. Henry Hoare, Esq. Thomas Hele Philp, Esq. S. P. Hall, Esq. John Swayne, Esq. William Temple, Esq. W. H. Tinsley, Esq. Joseph Walsh, Esq. Francis Whitmarsh, Esq.

Of whom Tickets, at One Guinea each, may be had; of the Members of the Committee; and of the Hon. Sec. J. Britton, Barton-street, London. On which occasion the Institution To meet at Five, and dine at Six o'clock precisely.

**ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION,** for the Relief of the aged Artists, their Widows, and Orphans.—The Subscribers and Friends to the Institution are respectfully informed, that the Tenth Anniversary Festival will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Friday the 26th of April.

H. R. H. the DUKE OF YORK and ALBANY will preside.

Stewards: Rt. Hon. the Earl of Pomfret. Hon. William Twissellton, Sir Thos. Dyke Acland, Bart. M.P. Michael Hay, Esq. Sir John Fleming, Bart. Esq. Mr. J. B. Thackeray, Esq. William Bowles, Esq. Mr. C. A. Pettit, G. H. Robins, Esq. James Christie, Esq. Francis Squibb, Esq. William Cotton, Esq. James Davis, Esq. Thomas Turner, Esq. William Delmar, Esq. John Turner, Esq. J. C. Denham, Esq. Raphael L. West, Esq. Thomas Gent, Esq. George White, Esq. Simon M'Guire, Esq. William Williams, Esq. Thomas Grieg, Esq. William Wilson, Esq. J. S. Harford, Esq. General Mackenzie, Esq. J. C. Maud, Esq. B. G. Wilson, Esq. &c. &c. &c.

Dinner on Table at 5 o'clock.—Tickets (with Wine included) at One Guinea each, may be had of the Stewards; at the Secretary's, 66, Upper Charlotte-street, Portico-square; of Mr. Roper, the Assistant Secretary, 14, Duke-street; and at Freemasons' Tavern. JOHN YOUNG, Hon. Secretary.

To Mechanics, Artisans, &c.

**THE PROPRIETORS OF THE MECHANIC'S MAGAZINE,** desirous of evincing their gratitude for the extensive support which this Publication has received from the Mechanics of the British Empire, and from the friends of knowledge generally, and of contributing still further to promote among the Working Classes a Spirit of Observation and Improvement, and for the purpose of procuring a more judicious and useful COMPETITION, to be awarded by the following Gentlemen, who have undertaken to investigate the Claims of the Competitors: Dr. Birkbeck, President of the London Mechanics' Institution, President of the Meteorological Society, &c. &c. Dr. Olmstead, Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy, Secretary of the Secretaries to the Astronomical Society, &c. John Millington, Esq., Professor of Botany in the Royal Institution, Vice-President of the London Mechanics' Institution, one of the Secretaries to the Astronomical Society, &c. &c. VII. To the Apprentices or Journeymen, in each of the following Clauses of Tradesmen, who shall have invented or discovered the most useful improvement in the art which he practises, an Honorary Medal, with Five Pounds in Money.

For the second best specimen, ditto, an Honorary Medal, with Two Pounds in Money.

X. To the Journeyman or Apprentice Turnery, who shall produce the best specimen of Turnery, in Wood, Iron, Brass, or any other metal, entirely his own workmanship, an Honorary Medal, with Five Pounds in Money.—For the second best ditto, an Honorary Medal, and Two Pounds in Money.

XI. To the Journeyman or Apprentice Cutter who shall produce the best specimen of Cutlery, entirely his own workmanship, an Honorary Medal, and Five Pounds in Money.—For the second best ditto, an Honorary Medal, and Two Pounds in Money.

XII. To the Writer of the best Essay, being a Journeyman or Apprentice, on the Properties of the Lever, whether straight, angular, or bent, an Honorary Medal, and Books to the value of Five Pounds.

XIII. To the Writer of the best Essay, being a Journeyman or Apprentice, on the Properties of the Wheel, whether straight, angular, or bent, an Honorary Medal, and Books to the value of Five Pounds.

XIV. To the Writer of the best Essay, being a Journeyman or Apprentice, on the Properties of the Screw, whether straight, angular, or bent, an Honorary Medal, and Books to the value of Five Pounds.

XV. To the Writer of the best Essay, being a Journeyman or Apprentice, on the Properties of the Pinion, whether straight, angular, or bent, an Honorary Medal, and Books to the value of Five Pounds.

Conditions.—The Competitors must be British subjects.—Every improvement for which any of the first seven Prizes shall be claimed, must have been actually put in practice, and its successful adoption be certified by one or more masters in the trade to which it concerns.—Every Competitor for these Prizes must give the fullest description in his power of his particular improvement, and its advantages, accompanying it with a descriptive Drawing or Model.—All Models or Specimens produced in competition for any of the Prizes hereby offered, or such selection from them as the Judges may think proper, shall be presented to the Master of the London Mechanics' Institution, and remain the property of that Society: such as are not so presented, to be returned to the parties.—Competitors to transmit their Specifications, Drawings, Engravings, or Specimens, with their Names and Addresses (carriage and postage paid), on or before the 26th of December 1854, addressed thus: To the Editors of the Mechanic's Magazine, 14, Duke-street, Knight and Lacey, Paternoster-row, London.—(Price Claim.)

\* Vol. I. is now ready, &c. containing nearly 100 Engravings. It is published in Parts, 1s. each, and in Weekly Numbers, 2d. London: Knight & Lacey, Pall-mall, Paternoster-row.

## IN THE PRESS.

On Wednesday next will be published, **SAYINGS AND DOINGS.** 2d Edition. Full of wise saws and modern instances. —Shakespeare. Published and sold by H. Colburn, & Co. New Burlington-street.

A few days, with a Map, 8vo. **NARRATIVE OF A PEDESTRIAN JOURNEY** through RUSSIA and SIBERIAN TARTARY, from the Territories of China to the Frozen Sea and Kamachka, performed during the Years 1850, 51, 52, and 53. By Capt. JOHN DUNDAS COCHRANE, of the Royal Navy. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

A Continental Tour.—Shortly will be published, by Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy, in 2 vols. 8vo. **MEMENTOES, Historical and Classical, of a TOUR** through Part of FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, and ITALY, in the Years 1851 and 1852. Including a summary History of the principal Cities, and of the most memorable Revolutions, and Descriptions of the most famed Edifices and Works of Art; with an Account of striking Classic Fictions, Ceremonies, &c. &c.

In a few days will be published, complete in a large vol. 8vo. with important improvements, and 10 additional Engravings. **AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING;** comprising the Theory and Practice of Horticulture, Floriculture, Arboriculture, and Landscape Gardening; including all the latest improvements, a General History of Gardening in all Countries, and a Statistical View of its present State, with Suggestions for future Progress, in the British Isles. By J. C. LOUDON, F.L.S. &c. &c. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green.

In a few days will be published, in 1 vol. Royal 8vo. embellished with 5 Engravings. **ON THE INJURIES OF THE SPINE, and of the THIGH BONE;** in Two Lectures, delivered in the School of Great Windmill-street. The 1st in vindication of the Author's Opinions against the Observations of Sir Aschley Cooper, Bart.; the 2d, to maintain the late Mr. John Bell's title to certain Doctrines now advanced by the same gentleman. Illustrated with 9 Engravings. By CHARLES BELL, Surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital.—London: Printed for Thomas Tegg, 73, Chesapeake.

Speedily will be published, in 3 vols. Post 8vo. **A TRANSLATION** from the German of GOETHE'S celebrated Novel, **WILHELM MEISTER.** The Translator, however, has exhibited a model of a poet such as no age or country ever saw. If they were in the right, he, Wieland, must honestly confess that he knew but of three poets—Shakespeare, Goethe, and Schiller. Wilhelm Meister is full of ingenious and lively descriptions. —It claims our attention from "the interest we feel in knowing the opinions of Goethe upon subjects of the highest importance." —The character of Mignon is mysterious like a dream. —De Stiel's Germany.—Printing for Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh; and G. & W. B. Whittaker, London.

**Dr. Brewster's Philosophical Journal.**—In the press, and will be published 1st July 1854, by Wm. Blackwood, Edinburgh, and Cadell, London, 7s. 6d. It is to be continued Quarterly.

**THE EDINBURGH JOURNAL OF SCIENCE,** exhibiting a View of the Progress of Discovery in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Botany, Zoology, Comparative Anatomy, Practical Mechanics, Geography, Navigation, Statistics, Antiquities, and the Fine and Useful Arts. Conducted by DAVID BREWSTER, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. &c.

With the assistance of John Macculloch, M.D. F.R.S. &c. for Geology, Chemistry, &c. W. Jackson Hooker, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. for Botany, &c. and Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh; Wm. Haldane, Esq. F.R.S. &c. for Mineralogy; Robert Knox, M.D. F.R.S. &c. for Zoology and Comparative Anatomy; and Samuel Hibern, M.D. F.R.S. &c. for the Scottish Antiquities and the Fine and Useful Arts.

The new Journal of Science will be conducted on the same general principles with the Philosophical Journal, originally projected and hitherto conducted by the Editor, and will be much improved. The new title has been adopted, as more appropriate to the extensive and effective plan upon which the work is to be conducted. With the assistance of the most eminent philosophers of Europe, and an expedition and extensive system of foreign correspondence has been arranged, for the purpose of obtaining the earliest intelligence of new inventions and discoveries.

**BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.**

In 8vo. Vol. IV. price 14s. boards. **TRANSACTIONS OF THE ASSOCIATION OF FELLOWS AND LICENTIATES OF THE KING AND QUEEN'S COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS IN IRELAND.**

Printed for J. Cumming, Dublin; and Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green, London.—Of whom may be had, Vol. I. 11s. 11d. each.

**Ure's Chemical Dictionary.**—The 6th ed. enlarged, in 1 vol. 8vo. price 10s. 6d. Coloured, price 12s. 6d. in boards.

**A DICTIONARY OF CHEMISTRY,** in which the Principles of the Science are investigated anew, and its application to the Phenomena of Nature, Medicine, Mineralogy, Agriculture, and Manufacture, detailed by ANDREW URE, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. This work, in our opinion, is unrivalled. —Med. Journ.—London: Printed for Thomas Tegg, 73, Chesapeake.

**Dolby's General History.** Just published, price 6d. in extra boards, Vol. I. of **HUME and SMOLLETT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND:** containing, within the compass of a single Word, Hume's England, from the earliest Period to the End of the Reign of King Henry V.; with Interrogatories to excite the Memory of Young Readers, and to regenerate that of Adults. Embellished with 50 original Historical Engravings, designed and drawn on Wood by Mr. W. H. Brooke, and executed by Mr. White.

Then-Dolly, Printer and Publisher, 47, Catherine-street, Strand.

**ZOE; an Athenian Tale.**—Printed for A. Constable & Co. Edinburgh; & H. Colburn, & Co. London.

**THE HIGHLANDERS; a Tale.** By the Author of "The Hermit in London," & "The Hermit Abroad," &c. Published and sold by H. Colburn, & New Burlington-street.

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**MEMOIRS OF GOETHE, the celebrated Author of "Faust," "The Sorrows of Werter," &c. &c. Written by HIMSELF.** Translated from the German. Published and sold by H. Colburn, & New Burlington-street.

**A TREATISE ON MENTAL DERANGEMENT.** By FRANCIS WILLIS, M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green, London.

**MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROCK, the CELEBRATED IRISH CHIEFTAIN,** with some Account of his Ancestors. Written by HIMSELF. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green.

**THE REMAINS OF HENRY KIRK WHITE,** selected, with Prefatory Remarks, by ROBT. SOUTHBY, Esq. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green.—Of whom may be had, Vol. 2, 3s. boards, to complete the former Editions.

**THE SCHOOLBOY'S MANUAL AND YOUNG MAN'S MONITOR;** being a Collection of Scriptural Extracts, and other Moral and Prudential Maxims; designed as an abridgement to the scriptures of the world and of the human heart, in the conduct of life. London: Printed for J. Hatchard & Son, 107, Piccadilly.

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